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My Magazine of
India

vol-26

NO-16

15.8.1955.

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All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. — Ed.



THE COVER

Salute To Nehru

FIVE YEARS ago this day, it was given to this humble Fortnightly to publish on its cover page a two-colour picture showing our Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru with the world map in the background and a rose garland encircling his figure. That way the Journal ventured to assert that our Nehru is not only the Prime Minister of our Bharat but the real leader par excellence of all the five continents. The rose garland was symbolic of the universal esteem and acceptance of his unofficial leadership. Reproduced on this page is the 15th August '50 cover page, in proof thereof.

His recent tour of the West and the U.S.S.R., unparalleled in the history of any leader of either the East or the West by the warmth and sincerity of the reception shown, has proved our Journal's claim and Pandit Nehru has fulfilled the real destiny of Bharat as the preacher and promoter of peace among men and goodwill on earth.

It behoves us to remember on this day of remembrance of our political emancipation that no other religion except the Hindu religion has as part of its prayer the sacred mantra: "Sarve Jano Sukhino Bhavanthu; Sarve Loka Sukhino Bhavanthu. (May all the peoples live happily; may all the worlds live happily)."

Steeped in this hoary heritage, Pandit Nehru propounded the principle of Panch Shila, the Five Rules, for all the nations in the five continents. He has had to face formidable scoffers but relentless time has made those very persons pay tributes to the intentions and endeavours of our Prime Minister for promoting, sustaining and continuing world peace.

Born a prince, Siddhartha forsook his comforts and luxuries to become the Buddha for preaching his message of universal peace and oneness of mankind.



145592

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru gave up his all to fight for the cause of his country's freedom and having achieved it fights non-violently for peace in a world threatened by the atomic and hydrogen bomb horrors and has thus rightly become the modern Prince of Peace.

Said he on 15th Aug. '47: "To the nations and peoples of the world we send greetings and pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in furthering peace, freedom and democracy"

Surely, there cannot be a greater fulfilment of such a difficult pledge than in the meeting of the Geneva Conference of the Big Four which would not have been but for our Prime Minister's persistent efforts to ease the political tension of international politics.

On this day the Nation proudly salutes Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the crest jewel of Asian Freedom, the Prophet of World Peace. Jawaharlal Ki Jai! Jai Hind! ☺

MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

Ninth Year Of Independence

WITH the departure of the British and the achievement of Independence in 1947, the Prime Minister claimed in a speech in Lucknow, the other day, that our political revolution came to an end. In a broad sense this is true, though the Indian political skies have been menacingly overcast at times. For instance, the Nizam in Hyderabad was defiant and Razvi threatened the peace and unity of the country until Sardar Patel launched his sudden "police action." The French Settlements were an- other sore thorn in our side; the people there were siderable harass- but a liberal-mind- Mende s-France, facto transfer of action." The subjects to con- ment and indignity ed Premier, M. made a smooth de power possible.

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Soon after the the Settlements into a C State with sioner taking over ministration. In tions that followed,

was returned with a majority to the new Assembly.

Goa is awaiting its liberation but the Salazar regime is still hugging to itself delusions about the colonial empire in the East. Latest reports indicate that Lisbon may take the issue to the United Nations. It certainly is a foolish move which will find little support in that international body. Pakistan is still coveting Kashmir and insisting on a plebiscite under U.N. auspices but Pandit Pant knocked the bottom out of the argument when he pointed out that much water had flown under the bridge since the plebiscite had been agreed upon. A duly elected Constituent Assembly had determined the State's future and proclaimed that it would accede to India and, at the same time, maintain its independent status

French withdrawal were constituted a Chief Commis- the reins of ad- the general elec- the Congress Party

as a small republic within the bigger Republic. It may be recalled that Pakistan's new Governor-General, Maj.-Gen. Iskander Mirza, took exception to our Home Minister's statement, and it is not without significance that Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, a sincere friend of India, has been deprived of all power.

But political trends, on the whole, in the eighth year of our Independence, gave cause for greater encouragement and self-confidence. During the first general elections to the Andhra State Assembly Communists were almost routed and are still licking the wounds inflicted by a coalition of democratic forces. The course of the elections was watched with deep interest by the Western democracies because Andhra Desa was a big stronghold of Communism. When Congress scored its undoubted victory, Pandit Nehru was applauded for the way in which Communism was uprooted.

On the economic side, India during the year under review definitely turned the corner. Under the First Five-year Plan there was a phenomenal production of foodgrains and food scarcity did not rear its ugly head even in the face of disastrous floods in Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Assam and West Bengal. In the ninth year of Independence the Second Five-Year Plan will be initiated under better auspices, and the land of sorrow, as Gandhiji once called our country, may well begin to brighten up with a smile.

In the short space at our disposal, it is impossible to assess the importance of India's foreign policy or her contribution in the cause of world peace. The idea of co-existence, the sheet-anchor of Pandit Nehru's *Panch Shila*, was at first sneered at by American statesmen when Chinese Premier Chou En-lai subscribed to it. But those who had scoffed became converts later on and the Big-Four Conference at Geneva provided demonstrable proof of the five principles at work. Thanks to Shri V. K. Krishna Menon's unremitting efforts, Ambassadors of New China and the United States have met at Geneva and the immediate result has been the release of American prisoners, held by the Peking Government.

Last but not least, the Bandung Conference, sponsored by our Prime Minister, did much to create the much-needed climate of peace both in Asia and Africa and held out the hope of freedom to those nations still groaning under the heel of the Colonial Powers. Well begun is half done.

News and Notes

Still Inadequate

To the fleet of Government Transport in Madras City ten new buses have been added. Twenty more vehicles are expected by October. It is somewhat heartening to note that Authority is at last bestirring itself into action over the problem of transport. Speaking at a special function in this connection last week, Sri Kamaraj Nadar appealed to the citizens to bear with the Government for some time and co-operate in the task of improving transport facilities.

Sri B. Parameswaran, who followed, wanted the public to realise that it was not easy to get new buses. He pointed to the delay in securing chassis and having the bodies built. Of course, new buses were added from time to time in spite of difficulties.

The public will readily admit that Government is now making strenuous efforts to cope with this problem but congestion during the peak hours is steadily worsening. Every time new buses are introduced, they are like drops of water disappearing into the sand. Old buses that must have been scrapped long ago are still dragging on a weary, precarious existence and often come to a dead stop on the route. In recent months the axles of two buses were broken and passengers had a very narrow escape. It is not always to be

supposed that when new buses are brought in, the transport situation will become easier. Probably as many old buses are to go on the sick list or to be retired permanently.

Since it is claimed that Government Transport is working on a non-profit basis, it is time Authorities thought of reducing fares to the pre-war level. After the disappearance of the trams many of the poorer classes walk all the way from home to office and back. Cheaper fares may well induce them to go by bus and the proceeds of G.T. in that case are most certain to go up. It is a short-sighted policy to run a restricted service and levy fares that the common man finds it difficult to pay.

Expert's Warning

In the Lok Sabha, Members from the South are not able to follow the proceedings because North Indian Members who formerly expressed themselves in English now speak only in Hindi. Making this disclosure in the Madras Legislative Council, Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar asked, "Has the South sent its representatives to the Lok Sabha to learn, like children, a new language or make some contribution to the common good through discussions?" He asserted that in the light of such developments it was a

travesty of facts to say that there was no intention to impose Hindi on the South.

Referring to the circular issued by the Home Ministry through the Inter-University Board, to ascertain the opinion of the Universities on the feasibility of introducing Hindi as the medium of instruction in the colleges, Sir Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar recalled the assurance given by the former Education Minister of Madras, Sri T.S. Avinashilingam Chettiar, that the circular had been withdrawn. But, strangely enough, Universities had now received a reminder from the Inter-University Board about the circular, and a definite reply had been called for. All this would only go to show the anxiety of the North to push through this language. "You may take it that there is no opposition as such to the acquisition of a knowledge of Hindi but to force a thing upon us without ascertaining the views of the people in the South is not justified." Sir A.L. Mudaliar went on

to observe that there was nothing in the Constitution to suggest that Hindi should be the official language of any State and that the very circular of the Home Ministry was inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution.

In South Africa, he proceeded, English and Afrikaans were the official languages; in Canada, English and French were accorded equal status; and in Switzerland, French, Italian and German were recognized as official languages. And he emphasised that language had nothing to do with the unity of a country.

Assurances notwithstanding, comments a Tamil daily, Hindi is being introduced into various spheres through the back door. Only Hindi letters and numerals are to appear on new coins, it says. There are still ten more years to go before the question of replacing English is to be considered but the pace of Hindi is already being forced. If for a smaller country

like Pakistan, Urdu and Bengali are wanted for national media, at least English and Hindi must be regarded as the official languages of the Indian Union and both must be treated on a par. The Constitution must embody an amendment to this effect.

Coins And Confusion

To ring out everything old is not always wise. We are reminded of this truth by Government's decision to introduce the decimal system of coinage. By putting its seal of approval to the Indian Coinage (Amendment) Bill, the Lok Sabha and, through it, the Government have committed themselves to a reform that will affect every home and hut in India. Of course, the rupee, the eight-anna and the four-anna coins will continue to be legal tender as they are at present but what will startle us are the changes in the lower values. Will the poor and illiterate millions reconcile themselves to them? Will they understand the correct and precise value of the cents that will be called new or *naya paisas*?

While a *paisa* is equivalent to a quarter anna and represents the

sixty-fourth part of a rupee, a cent which will also be termed *paisa* will be a hundredth part of a rupee. It would be far better to call a cent a cent though theorists may scoff and retort "What's there in a name?" But, here, a change of name is apt to cause exquisite confusion. Bombay's *Free Press Journal* warns that Government must see to it that the values are not revised upwards, and raises these posers: "Will the anna stamp be ten cents or five cents? Will the two-anna stamp cost 15 or 20 or 25 cents? Ten cents will be over an anna and a half; five cents will be a little over three-quarters of an anna. The question is not confined to stamps alone. Tramfares, telephone charges, the cup of tea, the taxes — all these and more will be affected by changed values in the small denominations."

Sharppers and speculators, too, will be busy trying to fleece those who reckon their wages and savings in terms of *panam* (two annas), *thuttu* (four pies), etc. The Prime Minister's assurance that steps would be taken to prevent the public from being cheated was welcome and showed Government's alertness to all possible consequences flowing from such a sweeping

Sir Anthony and Lady Eden talking to Mr. Attlee and his wife at the dinner given in London by the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth recently in honour of the Prime Minister.



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measure. Shri A. C. Guha, however, indicated that the changes would be gradual and that the period of transition would consist of four to five years.

Elections Postponed ?

By the end of August the States Reorganisation Commission will be submitting its report to the Government of India, revealed Pandit Kunzru in the course of an informal talk to pressmen in Madras. The general surmise is that the report suggests far-reaching changes in the boundaries of the States, which may give the quietus to the linguistic agitation in the various parts of the country. It is even stated that the maps of some of the States may undergo alteration beyond recognition. This would imply that allotments to States under the Second Five-year Plan will be finalised only

after the adjustments of boundaries have been effected and the "New Look" of the units emerges into clear view. Congress and Government are, therefore, very likely to put off the elections. One guess is that they will be held some time in 1958 when the States will have settled down to serious work and the Second Plan will have been well under way. A Delhi correspondent of *The Mail* makes an interesting forecast of the shape of things to come. The Commission's chief recommendations are for: "Aikya" Kerala, including the Malayalam-speaking areas of Madras State with Travancore-Cochin; Tamil Nad with present Madras State and the Tamil areas of Travancore-Cochin; United Karnataka with Coorg; A Second Andhra State with Telugu-speaking areas of Hyderabad and Madhya Pradesh; United Maharashtra with Bombay as the Capital;

United Pradesh being too big, to be divided into two States; and United Punjab with the present Punjab, PEPSU and Himachal Pradesh."

Parliament, of course, will have to consider the report, and amendments and modifications in the light of public opinion and the people of the respective regions may help to give the final shape and status.

Salute To The Martyrs

With the arrival of the Portuguese Chief of Staff, the Goa Government has let loose a reign of terror and is adopting savage and brutal methods to suppress the agitation for freedom. The whole nation was roused to fever pitch at the report of shooting by soldiers on unarmed satyagrahis who tried to enter Goa in the most peaceful manner. Soldiers hiding behind trees turned their Sten guns on a batch of 25 volunteers. Two of them died on the spot. They were Babu Keshav Thorat of Madhya Pradesh and

Shri Nityananda Saha of Bengal. A bullet pierced Shri Thorat's jaw and split it wide open. There was a three-inch hole in Shri Saha's body; the bullet that claimed his life passed right through his abdomen. Besides these two killed, some volunteers were seriously injured. One esteemed daily described this cowardly outrage as nothing short of murder on Goa's border, and general press criticism crystallised itself into a demand for firm action on the part of the Government of India.

One feels that it is an unequal struggle and that a different technique of satyagraha is called for to deal with the callous savagery of the Portuguese Government. A few unarmed men, allowing themselves to be mown down by automatic weapons may take years to produce some impression on the foreign tyrants. Either mass satyagraha must be permitted or the question must be tackled at Governmental level.

The British Submarine, "Thermopylae", her domed housing for listening and detection gear giving her a "space ship" appearance is seen berthed at East India Dock during a recent visit to London. First commissioned in 1945, she was re-commissioned in 1952 after being lengthened and streamlined and is now used mainly for experimental purposes. The bridge and conning tower have been designed to give the submarine added underwater speed.



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The realisation of the possibilities of financial gain to be made through excessive mail charges caused many countries to take flagrant advantage of postal rates.

Not only were mail rates high, but they were at the same time highly inconsistent. A letter, for example, being mailed from the United States to Australia might cost 5, 33, 45, 55, 60 or 100 (U.S.) cents. It all depended on the ships available and the routes they took. The good will of the individual mailer was of secondary importance.

Calculating the fee for a letter going through several countries was an operation which even veterans of mail service were unable to fathom readily. Letters were delayed sometimes for days at border stations while postage rates were being figured on various pieces of mail.

This bad situation was further aggravated by the intense rivalries of some nations, each of which believed its own particular rates should be the prevailing ones. The result of this intense nationalism was discord and confusion.

It was an American — Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General while Abraham Lincoln was President — who initiated steps to

bring order out of this international mail chaos. On August 4, 1862, in a note addressed to a number of other postal administrations and countersigned by the then Secretary of State Seward, Blair asked the receiving nations to send representatives to a conference where international postal problems might be discussed and remedies suggested.

FIFTEEN countries met in Paris on May 11, 1863, and from that meeting, and a subsequent congress called by the head of the Prussian Postal Service, Dr. Heinrich von Stephan, grew the Universal Postal Union which started operating on July 1, 1875. The fifteen countries whose representatives attended the initial Paris meeting included all the European nations, Egypt, and the United States.

The Universal Postal Union made rapid progress in the establishment of international postal harmony and understanding. From the welter of conflicting rates, political distrusts, and international rivalries has emerged a remarkable development of international co-operation in the main instrumentality of communications between all the nations of the world.

Each year 2,000 million pieces of mail are swiftly transported from country to country and safely and economically delivered because of the Universal Postal Convention. Its regulations, carried out by the Universal Postal Union with headquarters at Berne, apply

to more than 2,000 million persons throughout the world.

THE Universal Postal Union, which is now in its 80th year of operation, is the oldest of the international organisations and also has the largest membership — 94 countries and territories, representing some 200 postal administrations, which comprise, for all practical purposes, the whole world. It also is the largest of the U.N. specialised agencies.

The reciprocity that exists to-day in the vital system of communications between nations did not happen, of course, overnight or through one meeting. Rather, it has developed over the years in many successive Postal Congresses. However, it points up what men of determination for good can do over the conference table in settling problems of mutual interest.

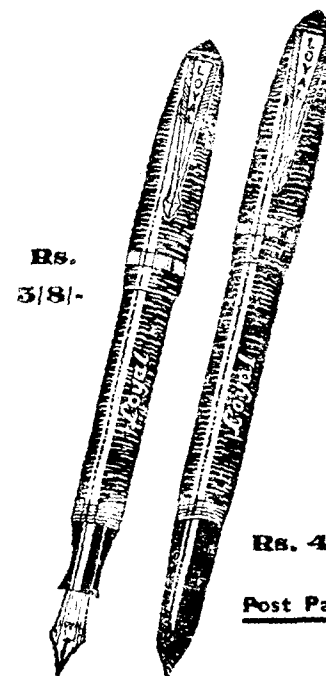
Such things as international parcel post, money orders, special delivery, and many other international services are more or less taken for granted. But, if it were not for the Universal Postal Union and the unparalleled co-operation it has developed among the nations of the world, this international communications system would still be a dream and not the reality it is to-day.

The fact that a letter can be sent by air or by ship, by train or by truck through country after country — each with its own particular form of government — is proof of the efficiency and effectiveness of the Universal Postal Union.

(Continued on page 101)

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Chapter V

SWARA VIJNANA

THE flow of breath through *Ida*, *Pingala* and *Sushumna Nadis* holds a special significance with reference to our healthy living and activity. In this chapter we shall study in detail some more facts regarding the flow of breath in the above three *Nadis*.

Each of the two *Nadis*, *Ida* and *Pingala*, function alternately for a period of 2½ *Ghatikas* (one hour) at a stretch, beginning from sunrise. Thus, in the course of a single day (twenty-four hours), the breath flows twelve times in *Ida* and twelve times in *Pingala*. This indicates the normal functioning of the breath and the *Nadis* and good health as well.

Usually, *Sushumna* does not function as long as the mind is engaged in any form of mental or physical activity. Only when the mind gets concentrated and controlled with all its *Vrittis* subsided, the *Sushumna* (flow of breath simultaneously from both the nostrils) functions. If, on the other hand, the other variety of *Sushumna* (fluctuation of the flow at rapid speed and with jerk) functions during the waking state of a man or when the mind is not in a meditative mood, it denotes certain disturbances in the normal flow of breath.

HEALTHY FLOW

In addition to the above rule that controls the flow of breath in

the two *Nadis*, the lunar days also influence the functioning of the *Nadis* but does not change the duration stated above.

Here it should be borne in mind that the moon exercises a powerful influence over the human mind. In the *Purusha Sukta* you will find the line: "*Chandramaa Manaso Jaatah*"—"The moon is born of the mind (of the *Viraat Purusha*, the Cosmic Being)." In the Cosmos, the moon is controlled by the Cosmic Mind. The individual mind being but a speck of the Cosmic Mind, it has therefore the connection with the moon, and being only a speck, it feels itself controlled by the moon.

WHEN the moon waxes and wanes, its connection with the mind also fluctuates, and thus there arises sympathetic reaction in the mind. Hence, the relationship between the flow of breath and the lunar days.

Allowing due margin for the waxing and waning of the moon, we shall now see the flow of breath through *Ida* and *Pingala* as it ought to be in a healthy man, healthy in body, mind and spirit.

On the first lunar day of the bright fortnight, the flow starts for the day with *Ida* or *Chandra Nadi*. Thereafter, it regularly changes its course at the end of each hour of the day, from *Ida* to *Pingala* and *Pingala* to *Ida*. This procedure continues for three days. On the continuing of the fourth lunar day (of morning of the fourth half), the flow starts from *Pingala* or *Surya Nadi*, with

hourly changes as mentioned above and this, too, continues for three days. Thus, there is a change in the flow of breath on every fourth lunar day morning. If, on any day, the flow starts with *Ida*, the fourth day from that is marked by a flow in *Pingala* at sunrise.

The reverse is the case with the dark fortnight. The first lunar day of the dark fortnight starts with *Pingala* functioning at sunrise and flows with hourly changes and then changes at the end of every third day as detailed above.

To summarise:—*Ida* flows at sunrise on the following days: 1st, 2nd and 3rd; 7th, 8th and 9th; 13th, 14th and 15th in the lunar days of the bright half; and on the 4th, 5th and 6th; 10th, 11th and 12th lunar days of the dark half.

Pingala starts on the following days:—1st, 2nd and 3rd; 7th, 8th and 9th; 13th, 14th and 15th of the dark half; 4th, 5th and 6th; 10th, 11th and 12th of the bright half.

The above indicates the natural and normal flow in a healthy man. If it be otherwise, then internal disorders are indicated. They can be rectified at once without being allowed to develop and become serious ones by setting right the flow. This takes place without the help of medicines but with the help of *Prana*.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FLOW

Ida at sunrise and *Pingala* at sunset are auspicious. Ill health and harmful results are denoted if the flow be otherwise.

A continuous flow of *Ida* throughout the day and *Pingala* at night makes one a great *Yogi*.

Success in all undertakings results if the flow be in the *Chandra Nadi* on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of the bright half of the lunar month.

Similarly, a flow in the *Surya Nadi* on Sundays, Tuesdays and Saturdays of the dark fortnight denotes success in everything.

The following order of flow is also good, viz., *Ida* during morning and noon and *Pingala* during the evening.

Again, the flow of breath along *Ida* and *Pingala* is related to the zodiacal signs rising in the East. The flow in *Ida* is good while Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, Capricornus or Pisces rises in the East. The flow in *Pingala* is good while the remaining six rise.

CHANGING THE FLOW

The auspicious and inauspicious flows are mentioned above, so that each individual can regulate and direct the flow of breath along a particular channel at a particular time, to dress his undertakings with success. A knowledge of the various means of changing the direction of flow, therefore, is essential. There are various means of changing the course of breath from one nostril to the other, of which a few are mentioned below.

1. Plug the nostril (any one) with a light cotton pad. The breath will flow through the other (open, free) nostril.

2. You can close the nostril through which the breath flows with your thumb. This will divert the flow through the other nostril.

3. When *Ida* flows, place the left palm on the ground, (while sitting on the ground in *Sukha Asana* or *Padmasana* and *Prana*

the left elbow on the left side just underneath the ribs, applying a little pressure. Slightly incline your body towards the left side. The flow of breath will change from left to right. The same should be done on the right side with the right elbow if you wish to change the flow from right to left.

4. You can use the *Yoga Danda*, a small staff of about one subit in length with a 'U' shaped piece fixed horizontally at the top. Place the portion of the hand just below the arm-pit in the U-shaped groove. Apply slight pressure and

bend a little on that side. The flow will be diverted to the other side. The same can also be done with the help of a long staff while walking or standing.

5. The mind also can be trained to control the flow. Just like controlling the bodily muscles, by a mere thought of the mind, the flow can be changed from one nostril to the other.

6. If you are lying on your left side, the flow will be through the right nostril and vice versa.

(To be Continued)

SUPERB SERVICE TO HINDU RELIGION

Unveiling a portrait of Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastri, under the auspices of the Sri Veda Sabha of Egmore in the premises of the Presidency High School for Girls, Egmore, Madras, recently, Sri T. L. Venkatarama Aiyar, Judge of the Supreme Court, paid glowing tributes to service to Hindu religion rendered by Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastri. He was described as one of the best products of the old type of culture in our land which regards godliness as the highest object of education. Sri Venkatarama Aiyar also said that he considered it a privilege to participate in a function to honour one who was continuing to serve society truly and well in the ancient path of Hindu Dharma. He also referred to Sri Sastriar's deep knowledge of both Sanskrit and Tamil literature.

Sri T.M. Krishnaswami Aiyar, ex-Chief Justice of the Travancore High Court, who presided over the function, referred to the glorious work being done by Sri Sastriar in the cause of Hindu religion and said that the members of the Sri Veda Sabha should derive inspiration from seeing Sri Sastriar's portrait to seek knowledge of Hindu Dharma which was dearest to his heart.

Sri P. Ramakrishna Aiyar, Chief Presidency Magistrate of Madras, described Sri Sastriar as a perpetual student, one who felt that knowledge should be constantly cultivated.

Several other prominent citizens also spoke, praising Sri Sastriar's qualities of head and heart.

Messages wishing the function every success and paying tributes to Sri Sastriar's scholarship and service to Hindu religion were received from H.H. Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakotipeetam and H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda, Founder-President of Divine Life Society, Rishikesh, as also from many public personalities including Dr. Parabhi Sitaramayya, Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar, and Sri G.V. Mavlankar.

The chanting of Vedic hymns and recitation of Sri Vishnu Sahasranamam by the pupils of the Sabha was a treat to the ears and a feast to the soul. Sri S. Viswanathan, and Sri M. R. Viswanatha Sastri, Vice-President and Secretary respectively of the Sri Veda Sabha, welcomed the guests.

It may be mentioned in this connection that Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastri is the President of the Dynamic Centre of the Divine Life Society, Madras, and has written several authoritative books on the life and teachings of H. H. Sri Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh. He has also been given the title of *Grama Bhaskara* by Sri Swami Sivananda.

Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastriar is also a regular contributor to the columns of our Journal.

We avail of the opportunity to pray God to bless Sri Sastriar with a long life that he may render greater service to the Hindu religion in particular and to our country in general.

Nehru—Prophet Of Free India

WE cannot think of 15th August without thinking of Pandit Nehru; nor can we think of Pandit Nehru without thinking of 15th August. Nor can we on 15th August 1955, think of either without thinking of *Panch Shila* or of Panditji's recent triumphal visit to both sides of the Iron Curtain. Rajaji felicitously described this year as the peak hour of Nehru's life. The immortal Shakespeare has it that:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to
fortune."

It looks as if the tide of Indian freedom is at its flood and is destined to bear the world to a new and unparalleled good fortune which it has never enjoyed till now, viz., the golden age of universal security and peace. Napoleon once called history as "the record of the sins and follies and misfortunes of mankind." But 1955 seems to be an *Annus Mirabilis* the wonderful year). It looks as if we must re-christen History as 'the record of the glory, wisdom and good fortune of mankind.'

It will be well to recall on 15th August 1955 what Pandit Nehru said to the Constituent Assembly on the night of the 14th August 1947. He said: "Long ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substan-

tially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom.

"A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long repressed, finds utterance. It is fitting at this solemn moment we take a pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity."

WE do not know if Panditji knew clearly at that time the full nature and extent of his tryst with destiny or what was to be the nature of the world's new great golden age or what was to be the full extent and internal implications and external plans relating to the new service of Free India and of the world at large.

Very probably he did not. And yet he was the predestined prophet and maker of a New Age for India as well as the world at large. That was his tryst with Destiny.

More than a century ago, while as yet no streaks of dawn were visible on the horizon, Tennyson felt the prophetic urge stirring sweetly and secretly in his breast.

"He dived into the future far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the
wonder that would be."

 H.S. Ramaswami Sastri

2 — 15th August '55.

17

What was that vision ?

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling
in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of
the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federa-
tion of the World.
There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapt in universal law."

The poet wrote these wonderful lines embodying his beautiful vision in the pre-aeroplane, pre-radio, pre-television and pre-atomic age. And yet one portion of his prophetic vision—the deadly, diabolical and destructive portion—has been fulfilled. People wondered if the golden, godly and constructive portion of the vision would be fulfilled to any extent. Would all slave nations become free? Would there be an Asiatic or an African resurgence against Western domination? Would imperialism and colonialism and other crude and cruel types of international slavery disappear?

WILL war be outlawed and cease? Will universal peace arrive on our bewildered, distracted and sorrowful planet? Will there be a Parliament of Man? Will there be a Federation of the World? Will the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man become realities?

On the 15th August, 1947, Pandit Nehru said in a message to the Press in the same prophetic mood:

"The Appointed Day has come—the Day appointed by Destiny, and India stands forth again after long slumber and struggle, awake, vital, free and independent."

".....The turning point is past, history begins anew for us, the history which we shall live and act and others will write about. It is a fateful moment for all of us in India, for all Asia, and for the World. A new star arises, the star of freedom in the East, a new hope comes into being, a vision long cherished materialises. May the star never set and that hope never betrayed!....."

"To the nations and peoples of the world we send greetings and pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in furthering peace, freedom and democracy. And to India, our much-loved Motherland, the ancient, the eternal and the ever new, we pay our reverent homage and we bind ourselves afresh to her service. *Jai Hind.*"

LET us, on this holy and memorable day, recognise and realise how abundantly Panditji's prophecies have come to pass. Not only has India, under the guidance of Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation and the Architect of India's Freedom, achieved her independence but also she has achieved it by means of Soul-Force, and not by brute force as was the case with other countries, and by a new technique—the technique of Satya and Ahimsa and Satyagraha—such as universal history never knew before.

After 15th August, 1947, India framed her constitution which came into force on 26th January, 1950. How much patient effort, capable steering, goodwill, good humour,

and a spirit of sensible compromise such work involved under the guidance of Pandit Nehru was revealed by Sri K. M. Munshi during his Srinivasa Sastri Endowment lectures at Madras under the auspices of the Madras University on the 14th and 15th of July this year.

PANDIT NEHRU, who has been pleading throughout his entire life for combining, harmonising and interfusing democracy and socialism has almost finished the First Five-Year National Plan and is about to begin the second one. Free India's feet are now firmly planted on the road of economic freedom, justice, efficiency and self-sufficiency. When Panditji returned to Bombay after his European tour on 12th July, he explained the great reception given to him in the West as being due to his being "the symbol and spirit of India." Yes, he is the Symbol and Spirit of India.

Pandit Nehru's successful tryst with Destiny has not stopped there. His middle-of-the-road foreign policy, though it may not be liked by either of the two

powerful world-blocs, has enabled him to steer clear of them and to give disinterested and beneficial advice as in the case of Korea and Indo-China.

Quite recently Pandit Nehru's famous *Panch-Shila* Declaration which has deservedly become as famous as the Atlantic Charter of Four Freedoms was accepted by Chou En-lai, Prime Minister of China, and by 23 nations of Asia and of Africa at the Bandung Conference. Quite recently it was endorsed by M. Bulganin, Premier of the Soviet Republic, and Marshal Tito. It certainly did influence the recent "summit talks" of the Big Powers at Geneva.

THE Summit of Mount Everest has been conquered as also other so-called invulnerable and inaccessible peaks. We are sure that Pandit Nehru will reach the Peak and Summit of Universal Peace as well. Let us salute Independent India and Universal Peace. Let us salute Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Maker of Independent India and Universal Peace. *Jai Hind!* ❦

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No women-police in Andhra because men police are required to protect the women-police, is the excuse.

That is the very reason, common-sense says, there should be both women and men police.

Sri Sanjeevi Reddi, we hope, will revise his view.

Slow strangulation is the *modus operandi* in dealing with Goa.

The pity is that, along with the Portuguese Nationals, Indian Nationals too are forced to suffer till their *moksha* is attained.

A handsome award will bring out a satisfactory equivalent to the word "cent" to be used when the new metric currency is to be introduced.

"Paisa" may be a decent makeshift as Nehruji suggests. The name might be confusing.

But, no matter the name, if only you get the thing!

Are our Universities keeping the Doctorate Degree from rusting?

Many are anxious lest by hoarding the Doctorate without using it, like the miser's coins, the degree gets rusty and dusty.

If for nothing else, to keep the Degree bright, like the used key, I rejoice that the Andhra University is conferring D. Lit. upon Governor Trivedi and Sri Gopala Reddi, the Chief Minister.

I shall reserve my felicitations till the other University in Andhra follows suit.

Trinity of Carnatic Music; a memorial for the immortal three, Muthusami Dikshitar, Thyagaraja and Syama Sastri.

Sri T. L. V. Aiyar appeals for funds for the memorial.

But, as was said of Shakespeare, is not the tribute to their cherished memory, their own delightful compositions?

Congratulations to the Madras Corporation on its new coat of arms.

(Continued on page 22)

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The shield contains a tiger with stripes of gold and so this is a new discovery in the Fauna or animal kingdom of South India!

Grant for School for Tamil children in Delhi is given by Sri Kamaraaj Nadar, the Chief Minister of Madras.

But Sri Gopala Reddi grudged help to Andhras living outside Andhra State, it was said.

Better luck for Andhra Culture!

Are we living in the age of A-Bombs or in the age of Threats of Demonstrations and Strikes?

The Harijans of Madras, some of them at any rate, threaten to make demonstrations around public institutions if their demands are not conceded.

Is that the latest style of democratic politics?

If threats and demonstrations get their own way, the law-abiding constitutional 'nincompoops' must be rueing the day when they caught the contagion of constitutional method.

"Universal rejoicings over the growing good-will between U. S. A. and Chinese Republic," so we read.

That is not accurate.

Poor Chiang Kai-shek must be a helpless witness to his ruined hopes of again becoming Generalissimo of China.

The other set of disappointed ones are those great armament makers of U. S. A.

22

Of course, there will be universal sympathy.

1,306 candidates for 120 seats in the Israel Parliament: that is a real outbreak of political fever in a state of frenzy.

The latest doctrine promulgated by the Indian Republic Govt. is called the "Nehru Doctrine."

It dictates that "India will not allow outside interference in any part of her territory."

This may also be called the Indian Monroe Doctrine.

Call it what you like, it will never smell sweet to Portugal's nostrils.

Bond of common language, we hear.

But where is it to be found in the treatment of Tamils in Ceylon though Sinhalese and Tamil are so near to each other?

The treatment of Indians in Pakistan or even in S. Africa is not far different.

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LION FABRICS MILLS, Ludhiana

SAGAR, my husband, is one who can never do things by halves. True, he is somewhat of a silent worker but his watch-word is "thorough." That is why I always had faith in whatever he did, though at the time he did anything, he would neither tell me about it, nor would I question him.

When we were married, he told me, "Look here, Usha, you have your Degree of Domestic Science, including the Science of Physical Culture. I am sure we shall make good use of it. In fact, if you will take no offence, I may tell you that that was a very important consideration why I married you."

"Now you see, here we are....."

"I swear we are here."

"I do not mind your sneer; you know I love to be a healthy citizen, for one thing."

"But who doesn't?" I wondered.

"Why, there is Chander. Look at him, he cares two brass buttons for his health. Never since his wedding has he come to our swimming bath or our gymnasium but he takes his wife almost daily to the pictures."

"Why should he not?"

"What a pity, Usha, that you should ask such a question!"

MATHEMATICAL MUSCLES!

BY

DILLAG

"Splendid, dear! So you are a member of the Public Matrimonial Commission, I see now. But, how is it you didn't ask me for the marks I scored, nor did you hold any oral examination in a personal interview?" I asked.

"Usha, you must always have your jokes and quips and pranks! That may all be well and good for L'Allegro. But we have to face life and life has its responsibilities as well as recreations. So you shouldn't treat everything lightly."

"But what is it all about, dear? What do you want me to be serious about?" I asked.

"I mean that we have nothing to do with what others do. Only let us take care that we give no room for others to criticise us, so that we may not be their laughing stock."

"VERY well, you can judge for yourself, and let me know whether I am provoking laughter or ridicule," demanded Sagar.

"What is it that you are thinking of? I cannot make out what you mean?" I remarked.

"Ah, there you are. You don't follow me because you wish to laugh first and then think."

"I promise I shall henceforth think first and then"

23

"You are incorrigible. Never mind. I only want you to help me in my Physical Culture activity," explained Sagar.

"Are you opening a class or school for Physical Culture?"

"Far from it. I want to attend to my own physical culture," replied Sagar.

"And what am I to do?"

"In fact, everything depends upon you, Usha. I look for the most careful attention from you, as you have studied Physical Culture," he went on.

"You are too much of a mystic!"

"USHA, in the matter of feeding, you see that one does not take too much of it and that the food is all combined in the proper proportions so as to form a perfect food and so as to satisfy every need of the system. Precisely, in the same manner, you have to watch and direct lest I over-build any part or muscle of my system to the neglect of any other portion. You see my point? After all, do you think any serious consequences would follow by a little over-exercise of any part?"

"Why not? What about a little over-feeding? Suppose you persist in overfeeding for a number of days? Don't you think that ought to be avoided? But how am I to find out?" I wondered.

"That is exactly my point. A person of your University training ought to easily find out any error of physical overfeeding and thus prevent it."

"I wonder how I can do that."

For answer he took me to his library. He handed me a tape marked with minute measurements and a weighing machine.

"Here is the tape. At the end of an exercise of any particular part of the body, you note down in this note-book the measurements just before and after the exercise. If you think the progress is not uniform, viz., there is difference between the progress of the throat and the biceps, you adjust the exercise suitably. Then you are to use the weighing machine. You do the same. Here is the notebook with the various parts of the body to be noted," said Sagar.

I HAD no idea when he had brought in all these things. But I assured him of my best help as far as it might be of any use to him, though I could not help feeling that we were preparing ourselves for the innocent amusement of our intimate friends.

I obeyed literally his instructions for a fortnight. In fact we worked at the figures on the record so minutely that if his whole exercise took about fifteen minutes, the recording took four times the time. Then the discussion thereafter was long and tedious. I do not know whether I was more vexed or tired or bored.

Somehow my husband came to feel that the duty imposed on me as wife and Diploma-holder in Physical Culture was far from pleasing to me. There was also his disappointment that I was not able to show any results of progress.

In plain words, he lost all faith in me as a B.Sc., in Dom. Sc. and

Phy. Cul. But he is too good to be annoyed on that account. He has brought in a medical man who has been engaged to make an accurate study of the progress of his Physical Culture.

As I had no chance of looking into the chart or book, I cannot say whether the results have been appreciable or not.

But one thing is certain. I found my husband, after about quarter of an hour's exercise, discussing over the reading of the weighing machine and the measurements with the inch tape for over two hours.

AS my husband has made up his mind to devote all his time and talents and inheritance to the noble cause of Physical Culture, he has resigned his job and is now, in due course, getting ready for going abroad to enable him to get the most modern methods of measuring Physical Culture progress.

Tune Missing!

The famous novelist's wife was for ever trying to curb his habit of swearing. One day, while shaving, the writer nicked his chin, and promptly burst into a hurricane of colourful language. His wife thereupon repeated it all after him, hoping that in so doing she would shame him into reforming at last.

Instead, he waited for her to finish, and then with a twinkle in his eyes, said: "You have the words, my dear, but you don't know the tune."



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The Enchanted Witch!



By "ARIES"

SHE was skinny and the tips of her nose and chin almost met. Put a cone-shaped hat on her and, even without a broom, you'd swear she was the reincarnation of a character that had perished at the stake in ancient Salem (U.S.A.).

Add to this a low I.Q., and a high-pitched cackle and you have a fair picture of the telephone operator I met during my early days on *The Daily Gossip*.

I was out to impress people that first day in the fourth estate and so can be pardoned for turning on my No. 1 smile, reserved strictly for tummy-frutties whose acquaintance I strongly desire, as I

pushed through the low swinging doors.

Eight hours later, on my way home, a shrill voice hailed me from behind the switch-board.

I froze in my tracks.

"If you wait a minute you may walk me home," the voice screeched. "I've finished, too."

If the age of chivalry was not dead, it must have gone through a crisis as I quickly thawed and made for the emergency exit.

The patter of tiny feet caught up with me half-way down the

(Continued on page 28)

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stairs and — you've guessed it — she had me by the hand; a cold, clammy sensation, like I felt the time I visited the horror section of the wax museum.

SHE tightened the arm-lock on the street and I looked around, in vain, for an open man-hole in which to disappear.

"You're really a very lucky man," she smiled, and I could have sworn that her proboscis made contact with the point of her chin.

"I am?" I managed.

"Yes, indeed," the high tenor broke into a falsetto. "Why, the chaps in the office would give their right arm to take me home."

I remained silent.

"But I cannot go about with someone I don't like." It was back to a tenor now, yet a pitch higher. "And I have only liked two other persons. One was a British soldier who died in the Middle East during the last war and the other was an airman who

crashed over Bangalore. Now, you're the third..."

"You don't say!" I said bravely.

She tightened the arm-lock.

Fortunately she did not live far. Three blocks down, first turning to the right and we were there. A ground floor flat in an imposing mansion in the elite part of the city. She insisted that I went in and, with the pressure on the arm-lock; my feeble "no" was hardly convincing.

So I went in and knew how the poor fly must feel that has been invited into the spider's parlour. I met the family. Father, mother, brother, sister and dog.

WE went out a number of times after that, the arm-lock slipping up into a neck-hold which, I believe, is referred to in wrestling parlance as a "reverse nelson," until she had me saying "dear... dearest... darling!"

She married me! I was hypnotised—by her father's money. ♦♦

ALL FOR A JOB!



RAMESH cut a pathetic figure before the Head Clerk who was all powerful and grim-looking.

"Look here, my dear man," said the Head Clerk in a low but emphatic tone. "Nothing less than the amount already stipulated. No higgie-haggle. Bring Rs. 200 and you will be appointed in the vacancy. I mean, not a pie less than that sum, mind you. You know, there are hundreds of applicants for this one post and there are many among them who are willing to part with more than

Rs. 200 for the advantage of getting the job.

"But as you say that you have a big family to support and that you are unemployed for a long time, I shall see that you get this job. You are aware that I am all in all here in this department. My word is law and the officer blindly signs the papers that I place before him. I have nothing more to say. Unless you hand over the amount specified I can't do anything in the matter."

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Ramesh's face writhed in despair as the Head Clerk became curt and brief.

"Sir, I have already explained," the young man groaned, "I have five children, besides my wife and mother who look to me for protection. During these days of unemployment I have spent all the money I had and even pledged the jewels of my wife. There is nothing left with me except the legacy of poverty and suffering. Where can I go, sir, for this Rs. 200? I assure you, sir, if you kindly give me this job, I shall pay this amount to you from my salary in instalments. And, believe me, I will keep my word. At the same time, take pity on this poor man whose hunger and worries are gnawing into his very system. I pray you will kindly do this favour. I will obey and follow you like a grateful dog, sir."

"Sorry, Mr. Ramesh, I really can't do anything. I can't be wasting my time, too. You may beg, borrow or steal. This sum should be paid beforehand."

The Head Clerk was adamant. He was known to be a very greedy man. He had earned a lot by way of such underhand income. It was an open secret with those who had to deal with him. He had placed many men in jobs like this and all his clients had lined his pockets with money. He had also earned a name in his office, a name that gave him prominence and power. The superior officer was guided only by the Head Clerk.

But Ramesh could not do anything better than use all his persuasive powers. He fell at the feet of the Head Clerk and prayed

for sympathy. He tried his utmost to convince the old man of his inability to meet his demand at that time and repeated his promise that he would keep up his word later. Rock might melt, but the Head Clerk wouldn't.

"Listen to me, sir!" said Ramesh. "Have mercy on this poor soul. I have no other go except to request you again for pity and compassion. I and my whole family will ever be grateful if only you" Ramesh's voice was choked.

"MR. Ramesh!" snapped the Head Clerk. "I don't like to bargain with you any further. What I have told you is irrevocable and final. You may come and see me to-morrow with the amount and I shall fix you up. If you don't turn up by evening to-morrow, your chances are over and somebody else will get the job. Now you may go and try for the amount in the meanwhile."

"Sir," cried Ramesh in anguish. "I shall try my best till evening tomorrow and see you here again."

A rough grunt was the Head Clerk's only reply.

Ramesh presented himself again before the Head Clerk, the next day. He looked haggard and pale. It was 1-30 p.m. All the clerks and even the peons had gone for lunch. The Head Clerk alone was sitting in the office, looking through some file.

"Sir, I have managed somehow to get Rs. 60/- at the moment and please accept this and I shall certainly pay you the balance after you appoint me. You do not

know about the difficulties I have undergone to procure this amount. Please help me, sir."

THE Head Clerk made a contemptuous sneer and threw back the currency notes that Ramesh had handed to him.

The Head Clerk was in a furious mood. "Do you clear out at once or not? Mine is business. I don't bargain. What I say is final. Better not come at all to me with your paltry propitiations," he shouted. "You are not likely to get the job. You may go."

"Sir, will you very kindly wait till tomorrow at least? I have an idea of tapping another source for this amount, which I had not thought of till now. I am confident that I will succeed. I request you, sir, to give me time till tomorrow evening. I shall definitely see you with Rs. 200/-. But please reserve the job for me, sir. I am a poor man. I shall somehow bring the amount."

"All right," agreed the Head Clerk as though pardoning Ramesh. "I shall wait till tomorrow, but no further time will be allowed. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Ramesh re-assured him. "Definitely tomorrow, sir, definitely." And Ramesh left at once.

The Head Clerk knew that if he had not been so stubborn and unyielding, Ramesh would not bring the money and he knew also that Ramesh would somehow manage to raise the amount.

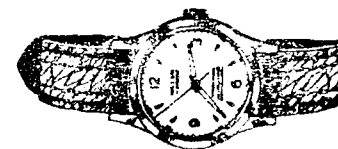
NEXT day Ramesh's face was beaming with hope and expectation, as he took his seat in front

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of the Head Clerk. He had brought the stipulated amount and his voice was rather triumphant.

"Sir," said Ramesh politely, "here is what you demanded." So saying, he handed over the wad of notes which were enclosed in an envelope.

The Head Clerk pocketed them without comment, of course, only after carefully counting them, and with a genial smile addressed Ramesh, "You have paid Rs. 200/- and now the job is yours. You may go and expect the orders early."

"Right, sir," said Ramesh, as though heaving a sigh of relief. "Thank you, indeed, sir, but there is some news for you, sir, before I take leave of you. Now, sir, I mean, you are under arrest now."

HARDLY had Ramesh uttered these words when a pair of constables stepped in. They had already been instructed to watch the developments unnoticed and come in at a given signal.

"Well, sir, you may now know from me that I belong to the Anti-Corruption Department and I applied for the job and pretended to be very needy and all that. I came to you with Rs. 60 pleading my inability to bring the whole amount and thus convince you of the genuineness of the situation. You have done your best, however, and I, too. Here is my identity card for your proof, should you need it." Ramesh ended his sermon triumphantly. The currency notes which had been marked were recovered from the Head Clerk to the utter amazement of the rest of the staff in the office.



RANJAN reminded his listeners of the responsibilities and duties that came in the wake of freedom and enjoined on them the necessity of this crucial and momentous experiment in democracy to vote for the right candidates. He was going to launch into his favourite theme of truth, patriotism, humanity and the rest when his young daughter, Mangala, gave a peremptory tug at his Khaddar jubba. Mangala emphasised that the summons from her mother was more urgent than anything else in the universe!

Saroja, his wife, looked sad and depressed as Ranjan came tossing Mangala on his well-built shoulders.

"Why have you sent for me?"

"Have you forgotten that on the 15th of August our country became free and that the anniversary celebrations come off tomorrow? There is nothing in the house. Mangala found other girls and boys showing off the new clothes, crackers and sweets their parents had bought. She came crying to me. I sent her to you."

"But you know how busy I have been"

"Working for others when your wife and child starve!"

"But this election is to get the right men who will improve our conditions, the conditions of millions of wives and children who suffer worse than we do! Don't you understand?"

"I used to, but I don't any more. Tell them to your daughter. A few sweets, new clothes to replace her rags and a few crackers would mean much more to her than your big words. Look around and see the houses of your friends. They are prosperous and respected, while you"

"NEED we go into that all over again? I have put a great deal of importance on means rather than ends! Now, I know what you want to say: 'Where are the ends?' They will follow. Anyway, I will leave at once for the city and meet the Seth who promised me a good job in his mill. Have you some money?"

3 — 15th August '55.

33

Saroja smiled. With a pathetic, suggestive movement she bared her neck where only the *mangalyam* hung by a yellow thread. On her wrists were a few glass bangles. Then her eyes sparkled as they fell on her ring. She pulled it out and held it up in front of him.

For a second the man and woman looked deep into each other's soul, silent, alert, probing. Ranjan gradually lowered his eyes, grabbed the ring and hurried out of the place.

RANJAN received a rude shock when he was told by the Seth's secretary that they had found a better man.

"What do you want?" asked the Seth curtly as he met Ranjan lingering near the gate.

"Don't you remember, you asked me to call for a job?"

"I see! But what is the hurry?"

"Your Secretary informed me that the vacancy has been filled up!"

"He must be right! I am sorry."

"But you gave me your word. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"Yes, it does, crass stupidity on my part! Sorry. I have no time to waste."

"But for me it is vital, I banked on it. I have nothing at home...!"

"You come to us when you have nothing, to the heartless capitalists who suck the blood of the poor! Soon you will start talking to the men, provoke them for higher wages, better treatment!"



"We will, if necessary, for a labourer, a peasant or a menial is also a human being..."

"Yes! And what do you do for them beyond making them dream impossible things? What have you done in these years of freedom beyond making matters worse?"



"You talk as if you were an angel! Don't forget that your money is your power!"

"AND where did I get the money from? My father? No! Brought up in poverty in a family full of starving children, I had to fend for myself. I left home, worked in mills, learnt the know-how and then from a scrap built up this business, all with my own capacity,

my own vigilance, my indefatigable labour. And what wrong do I do to the workers when to the starving beggars I give work? They don't work free for me! I have been like them, in worse condition, when not a soul was allowed to lift a finger on our behalf in those days. Power, pooh! The power is in the man, in his brain and brawn, to lift him from a crawling

animal into a respectable human being!"

"You are gloating because you have traded on the weakness and foolishness of poor men..."

"And don't you do the same? Each party is frantically going round making propaganda for the betterment of the poor, the down-trodden, the starving. Just for catching votes, winning power, and once it's there, all promises will be forgotten..."

"You may be right—for the world is full of fools. I am one of those, who believe in the infinite mercy of God and the intrinsic goodness and honesty in men!"

Ranjan now began walking along the road, dazed and angry. The markets were full of shops laden with commodities, well decorated. Endless streams of men walked along, carts and motor rickshaws honked and sped along, scattering the pedestrians. The whole place exuded a festive atmosphere. What wrong had his wife and daughter done? Why shouldn't they be happy?

Ranjan toyed with the ring in his pocket and seeing a goldsmith's shop pulled it out. It was a gold ring with a big ruby set rather artistically. He stood and looked at it

THE red changed into the roseate hue of the flushed sky; the sun was setting. Ranjan saw how, hungry and footsore, he had been running away to throw the police off his track. It was a great sport to evade the dogged police, to destroy government property, to live to work for the freedom of his Motherland. And then his upper cloth was caught in brambles. He

tugged at it in vain and finally left it behind and ran on. A few minutes later he heard a sharp police whistle and feared that the game was up. To be pent up in prison, beaten and harassed, would not help the country. He made a final bid for freedom and ran with every remaining ounce of ebbing energy towards the village. He ran and ran till his breath came in wisps of pain extracted from a failing mechanism. At last he stumbled.

HE remembered no more except feeling a heavy, cutting pain in the head, dancing stars shooting up and down and then he was smothered in a gathering cloak of darkness. When he came to he saw a girl, near and tender care.

Then Ranjan remembered how love had grown between them and he had married her. The 1947 agitation was over, thousands were rounded up, beaten and put in prison. Ranjan felt like crying when vividly floated before his eyes the night Saroja and he were alone after marriage. It was this ring he had put on her finger, saying he was a soldier of the Motherland, a worker for freedom, who had only himself to offer. She had smiled coyly, held his hand firmly, with love and faith, and hung her head down. He was so proud of her, she was so proud of him—both looking into a world

(Continued on page 62)

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CHILD OF DESTINY

By
ET. FERNANDEZ

Chapter 7

TO the uninitiated, to those who have not experienced the inestimable joy of love, to those who cannot appreciate its full significance, to the thousands who are content to accept any cheap substitute like passion and lust as love, to all such people the spectacle of two lovers drawn together in an inseparable bond and demanding nothing but cleanliness and purity of mind and heart, is one that baffles and perplexes them to such a great extent that their reaction to it is one of sarcasm and caustic comment.

It is also a common peculiarity on the part of the human heart to

recoil from anything which threatens welfare because it has its own instinct which force it erect insurmountable barriers around it so that it might be alone and untroubled. And in living alone it must necessarily feed itself by constant meetings between two lovers, by changes of confidence nay! by a mental cohesion in which the human senses play their part in harmony and concord.

It was so in the case of Brian and Hilda. Having found that which the lonely hearts had ached for, they contrived to meet each other as often as possible, and each meeting was a new

discovery for both of them—a realisation of that completeness and oneness which love has to offer to those who are ripe for it. On his part, Brian constantly discovered some new side to her character which he had not noticed before. Her beauty and loveliness dazzled him; the way she confided herself to his loving care flattered him; her conversations held him spellbound. There was something so unique about the girl, something so uncommonly attractive and mature in her apparent simplicity that he could hardly believe his senses. Yet, in all his meetings with her he had seen only good in her. To him, she was utterly incapable of any false pretences or

any thought, word or action that was impure or unholy. Of that he felt quite convinced.

ON her part, Hilda was reassured again and again that, in surrendering herself to him, she was not forfeiting her honour and her name. She gave as much as he demanded of her because he asked for nothing that threatened her chastity. She had known of hundreds of her sex who had sacrificed their good reputation on the desecrated altar of love, little guessing how grave would be the consequences of their own follies. She felt confident because she knew that in loving this man, she was strengthened in her own chastity. She could look up at him in all her passion and fervour, she could surrender herself to him completely and unreservedly, without being in the least fearful of dangerous consequences to herself.

A girl will give her lips for the first time to a man only with the greatest reserve and reluctance but once she has done so all barriers are broken, all restraint disappears, all fear vanishes. The first kiss between two lovers enables them to open their hearts out to each other. From the very moment when Brian had called her Angel and kissed her, Hilda's shyness took immediate flight. Nevertheless, she remained illusive and sweet to behold, an enigma which he contemplated in silent wonder. Spurred on by the power of their new love, they found courage to contrive to meet each other until, a fortnight after the memorable Fancy Fete, Hilda conveyed to Brian the happy news that her father had arranged for her to attend shorthand classes every evening and that she herself had selected a time which would

be convenient for Brian to meet her every evening. So, between 7 and 7-30 after sunset they met in a small park frequented only by a few people and, in this short time at their disposal, said all they had to say to each other.

ON one occasion Hilda asked Brian if he took strong drinks, to which he replied, "Yes, occasionally."

"Why do you do it, dear?" she asked again.

"Because it really offers an escape to me, Angel," he answered.

(Continued on page 97)

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and COLIN ANDREWS are close friends. Brian is in love with **ANGEL** (Hilda Jenkins) whom he, however, had to lose owing to her parents' dislike of him.

Brian gathers through his sister **PRISCY'S** talk and his visit to a christening party that he is disliked by his community, because of his view that Anglo-Indians should become fully Indian in every respect.

The workers of Brandon & Co., in which Brian is an employee, decide on a strike. Brian advises them against it but his interview with the Works Manager is mistaken by them and they try to harm Brian. Colin suddenly appears and saves his friend. Brian lodges a complaint at the police station.

Brian is asked by the General Manager of the concern to go over to the Bangalore Branch on transfer so that he may not be harmed by the employees on strike. Brian informs his mother, sister and Colin about the transfer. Colin assures him of the help of his uncle in Bangalore.

Brian, one night, recalls his first meeting with Angel and the subsequent developments. **NOW READ ON.**

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(Sd.) Dr. H.V. RAO, L.M.S., Principal, Madras Dental College, Madras.

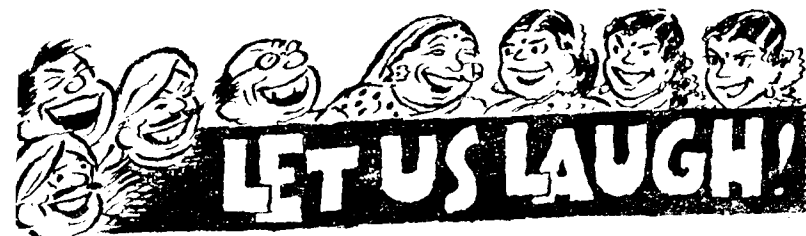
The Wonderful Tonic Food.— Your "BHEEMA-VEER" is really a wonderful tonic food. The third day I began taking this I had free bowels and felt very much relieved. Fifth day the body regained much of its lost strength. Seventh day all wasting diseases vanished. On the tenth day all the itches in my body disappeared and the skin became healthy and rosy in appearance.

(Sd.) R. BABU NAIDU, Traffic Manager's Office, Rangoon, Burma.

Breathing Asthma Vanished.— I have great pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of the medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". I have derived very great benefit from its use in relieving me of my Chronic Bronchitis, Emphysema and Laboured Breathing Asthma.

(Sd.) Dr. P.V. GIRI, M.D. & C.M., M.R.C., O.G., Retired Superintendent, Raja Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar Hospital, Royapuram, Madras.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA
31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4



WISHING to test her children's powers of observation, a mother told them to write down what they would think if they entered a room and found cobwebs there.

Every child in the class except one gave her the kind of answer she had hoped for—that the room had not been dusted lately; that it had not been in use; that the person responsible was dirty and lazy. The exception was sublime in the simplicity of its answer. This little girl's sole reaction to the cobwebs was. "A spider has been there."

As Ordered

As the newlyweds walked arm in arm along the beach the young groom looked poetically out to sea and in majestic tones cried out eloquently: "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment, and then in hushed tones gasped: "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man! It's doing it!"

Belated Apology

A nervous and inexperienced host rose hurriedly at the end of a song given by one of his guests.

"Ladies and—er—gentlemen," he said, "before Mr. Jones began he asked me to apologize for his voice. I omitted to do so—er—so—I—er—apologize now."

4—15th August '55

FATHER looked up from his racing form and noticed the baby in the cradle. Turning to his wife he said, "Baby's nose is running."

His wife snorted and snapped at him, "Don't you ever think of anything else except horse-racing?"

Retaining Fee

A father and his son were discussing legal matters. "What is a retaining fee?" asked the boy.

"Why, that's a fee paid to a lawyer before he will undertake to do any work for a client."

"Oh!" replied the boy, "like putting a shilling in a meter before you get any gas."



FATHER (to daughter): "How can you grow up like your mother, darling, if you refuse rice?"

AT the beginning of World War II the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received this wireless message from his superior officer: "War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness this reply was sent: "Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Italians, an Austrian, and an American. Please say with whom we are at war."

What Happened?

The etiquette columnist of a New York newspaper received an anxious note from a 19-year-old young lady. "I stayed out until 3 a.m. the other night. My mother objects. Did I do wrong?"

The lady journalist replied: "Try to remember."



THE WAY OF THE WORLD!

THE Browns' marriage almost went on the rocks because of the irritating presence of Uncle Charlie in their home. For long years he was with them, constantly nagging, finding fault at being the first one at the table. Finally he died.

On the way home from the cemetery, Brown said to his wife: "Darling, I have a confession — I had not loved you so much. I never could have stood your Uncle Charlie."

Mrs. Brown's eyes widened. "What?" she shrieked. "I thought he was your Uncle Charlie!"

An Opening Certainly!

Very much impressed by his diploma, a young college graduate approached the personnel manager of a large company about a job.

"You've got a big office here," announced the young man confidently. "You certainly must have an opening for me."

The manager looked the young man up and down slowly for a moment.

"We have," he finally drawled, "and you'll pass through it as you go out."

Irrelevant Question!

A member of the Meteorological Office staff tells of the woman — she sounded elderly — who rang up and asked: "What is the weather going to do?"

"Well," said the weather man, "where are you planning to go?"

A furious voice replied: "You mind your own business."

A FAMOUS film star had engaged a new maid for an important dinner she was giving. During dinner she watched the girl apprehensively as she carried a large batch of plates from the dining room and disappeared into the kitchen. Sure enough her fears were quickly realized. There was a resounding crash.

Hurrying into the kitchen she gazed with dismay at pieces of her best china all over the floor. There was a moment of dead silence. The maid spoke up optimistically, "Well, there's one good thing about it, ma'am. At least I hadn't already washed them."

Amendments!

"Did you give Dorothy that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked father.

"Yes," said mother, "and she's writing to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

More Apt Expression!

Foreign travel still has its little surprises for tourists. One woman visiting Hong Kong had been told that "choppy, choppy" meant "faster, faster" to the Chinese rickshaw men. One day she decided to hire a rickshaw for a ride down one of the side streets, which was cobblestoned.

After bouncing up and down as long as she could stand it, she made up her mind to get off the street as fast as she could. So she leaned forward and said to the man: "Choppy, choppy!"

The Chinese nodded and shouted over his shoulder: "Choppy, your eye! It's the bumpiest street in town!"

AFTER the ball had rapped him on the chest, a batsman was given out. "How was I out?" he asked the umpire.

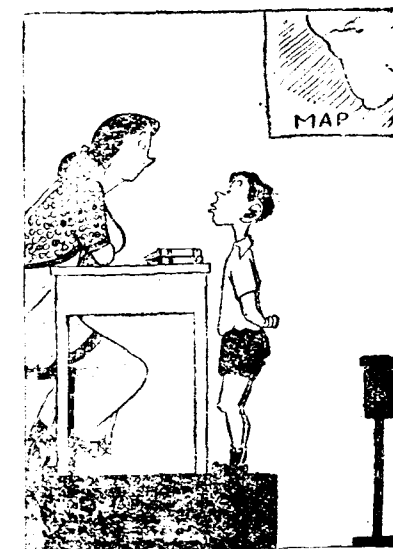
"You look in the local paper tomorrow," replied the umpire haughtily.

"You look," said the batsman. "I'm the editor."

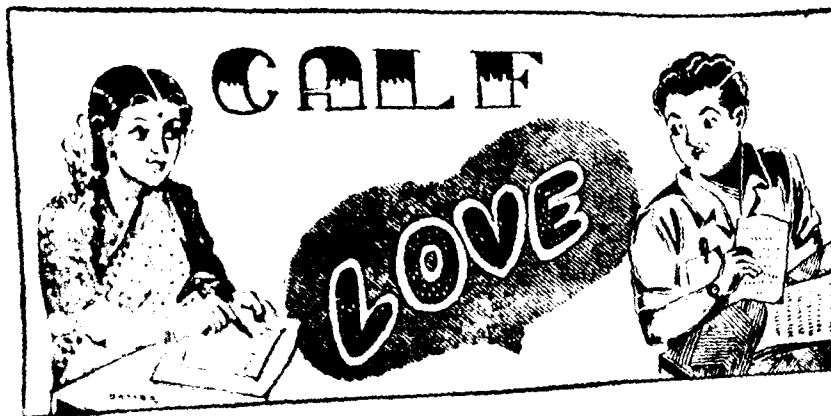
Not Her Concern

A man was severely rebuffed in a restaurant when he complained impatiently to a waitress who was doing an excellent job of ignoring his presence, "that I have only one hour for lunch."

She replied coldly, "I do not care to discuss labour troubles at a time like this."



BOY: "I couldn't do the homework, teacher, because my brother has returned from America after a five-year stay there. He is now looking for a nice, intelligent girl, teacher."



MY friend, Ishwar, told me this story of his first love. He had been studying in the Intermediate class then. He had taken a nice, expensive room in a flat in a good quarter of the city. It so happened that in the lower floor directly below his flat, there was living a big official with his family. He had three daughters the second of whom was studying in a high school. She was a beautiful lass but what made her captivating to him was that she seemed to be responsive to his approaches. This encouraged him, and after a few winks and ogles, which were reciprocated, he wished very much to communicate his feelings to her.

A letter by post was definitely ruled out since he had observed the girl's mother herself always taking their letters from the postman and going through them. Whenever the girl went out of the house, she was always accompanied by her brothers or sisters or other girls. This stood in his way of approaching her personally. No other means seemed open to him.

By H.N. NILAM

Then, one day, he struck upon a brilliant idea. He had observed that the window of her study was directly below that of his room. He could write a letter and lower it discreetly through his window. He did it and was glad to find that she liked it. Then ensued a furious exchange of letters filled with such heart-warming sentiments that they felt they were already made for each other. This went on vigorously for a time.

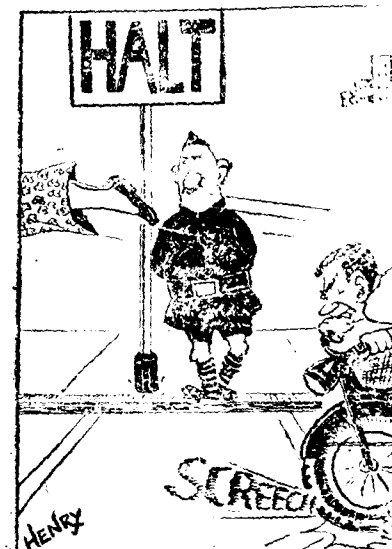
THEN he went home for a short vacation. The very first day that he returned, he was almost "bursting with the pangs of separation" (to give it in his own expressive words). He scrawled a hasty letter and sent it down that night after satisfying himself that all was quiet within the house and there was a light burning in the study below.

But instead of the gentle tug with which the letter was received usually, there was a sudden wrench at the thread (to which the letter had been fastened). This in itself portended disaster. After two or three minutes, there was a loud

knocking at his door and the peremptory voices of the official and his wife demanding his attention. For the next quarter of an hour, he was exposed to the full barrage of abuse and threat from the girl's parents. The result was that the next day he vacated that room.

AFTER a few days, when he accidentally came upon the girl in the bazaar street, she completely ignored him. Good work, he thought, the official and his wife had done.

Even now he tries to imagine how the girl's mother must have felt when she looked up and saw a letter, addressed to her daughter, dangling in the air near the window. In his then pent-up state of feelings, he never had time or patience to find out that, during his absence, the girl's study had been shifted elsewhere and that her parents were occupying the room directly below his!



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—Miss Atmal, Bannurabad.



Secured Job: I am selected as Revenue Inspector out of 41 applicants. The petty amount I spent for your Gayatri is nothing when compared to the wonderful Blessings. I won. —M.V. Sridati Row, Mangalore.

Won Rs. 1787: I won Rs. 1787 in Crossword Puzzles. I am free from debts and my financial position is very much improved than before. Your Charm is really Great and Divine. —Miss Karanth, Bombay.

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THE MESMERIST
MESMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN

Achievements In British Medicine

By Dr. I. HARVEY FLACK

Director of Family Doctor, London.

DURING the war, while in Egypt and other Middle East areas, I worked closely with civilian doctors on a host of problems that affected the many thousands of men employed in British Army workshops for whom I was medically responsible. I was impressed then with the essential sameness of our medical problems in broad outline. The differences are very much in terms of time and physical and financial resources.

In Britain today waterborne outbreaks of typhoid and cholera are almost unknown—but they used to be common. They are so no longer because of the time and money and materials that we have spent over many years on piped water supplies and elaborate drainage and sewage systems.

A different mode of attack is needed for other problems. Malaria can be banished from a country as a deliberate exercise in public health control. That is what has been done in recent years in Cyprus. It took time and men and money and materials and such imponderables as skill and enthusiasm. But it was done.

Smallpox can be brought under control by vaccination. Diphtheria can be reduced to a rare cause of death when most babies are immunised.

One by one the major killing infections and epidemics have

been brought under control in the Western world. I know of no reason why they should not disappear—and perhaps even more rapidly—from other parts of the world. Scientific knowledge, which is our prime weapon in the fight against disease, is increasing steadily year by year.

Once the sanitary engineers have done their work, doctors can look afresh at the problems that do not depend upon climate or geography—problems that are common to every country. And here there are a host of British achievements of the last few years that are now being applied all over the world.

THE death so lately of Sir Alexander Fleming has reminded us all of the revolution in general medicine and surgery that began with penicillin and has been furthered by streptomycin, aureomycin, terramycin and all the other antibiotics. Penicillin, to which millions of people all over the world owe their lives, first exerted its magic in Sir Alexander's laboratories at St. Mary's Hospital in London.

It was at Guy's Hospital in 1948 that Russell Brock made another characteristic British contribution to world surgery. This was his imaginative and daring operation of mitral valvulotomy. There are thousands of men and women

crippled by mitral stenosis. One of the valves in the heart, the mitral valve, seizes up and throws an increasing strain on the whole circulation. The heart can stand up to this burden for just so long. Then yet another man or woman becomes a cardiac cripple with a life measured in months.

RUSSELL Brock's operation—a kind of fingertip surgery right inside the living beating heart—has given a new life and a return to normal work and play to hundreds of these cardiac cripples.

On yet another world-wide problem a recent British achievement is full of promise for babies yet unborn—the babies who for some reason are born prematurely and weigh five-and-a-half pounds or less at birth. How many of these early babies are there? In Britain about 40,000 every year. Many of them are just below the five pounds birthweight or even as low as one pound fourteen ounces in one baby born at the 27th week of pregnancy not so long ago. Not so many years ago very few of these premature underweight babies survived. To-day the whole picture has changed, and changed really for the better.

It has taken years of work and study and research to bring this about. The problem is easy enough to state. How to mimic the exact condition in the mother's womb? That's what the tiny baby needs. To meet that need has required the skill and knowledge of engineers, electricians, physicists and physiologists over and above all the medical research that had to be done.

It was not until this 20th century that incubators were really developed and improved. To-day, the word incubator is hardly big enough for a new and fantastic piece of modern British equipment that contains in one box everything that is needed to control precisely temperature, humidity, and oxygen concentration. There is a portable form of this apparatus which can be rushed to any home where a baby has been born prematurely.

This beautifully designed piece of apparatus has already saved the lives of many babies. And they grow up as sound in mind and limb, in body and build as the babies who did not hurry quite so precipitately into the world. 25

DO YOU KNOW?

1. With a view to promoting the welfare of the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes, some specific provisions have been made in the Constitution. Seventy-two seats in the Lok Sabha, out of 495 seats, have been reserved for the former while 26 seats have been reserved for the latter.
2. In the State Legislative Assemblies, against a total of 3,283 seats in all States, 17 seats have been reserved for Scheduled Castes and 192 seats for Scheduled Tribes.
3. 12½ per cent of vacancies filled by open competitive examinations for the Central and All-India services are reserved for members of Scheduled Castes.
4. In the case of posts and services filled otherwise than by open competition on an all-India basis, the reservation is increased to 16½ per cent.
5. In the case of Scheduled Tribes, this distinction between the modes of recruitment is not observed and a reservation of 5 per cent is made in all cases.
6. The Union Education Ministry sanctioned a sum of Rs. 107 lakhs during 1954-55 for extending educational facilities to students belonging to the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes and other Backward Classes.



A Girl Tours Yugoslavia

IF you have the kind of heart that is susceptible to melting dark eyes, don't go to Yugoslavia; the Slavonic people of that country, romantically high-cheekboned, overwhelmingly kind, and almost mediævally hospitable, are liable to seduce all but the hardest hearted I'm still amazed that I managed to tear myself away from that blue Dalmatian sea and those brilliant scenes, writes Jane Gregor in *World Digest*.

It is almost impossible not to use superlatives about Yugoslavia. It is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever seen, and that beauty is, still, unexploited.

Most Charming

The coast resort of Dubrovnik, perhaps, has grown too aware of her charms, too conscious that English and American visitors mean money.

She sings the siren song about Richard Coeur de Lion's reputed influence on her architecture a shade too loudly; she over-stresses her legendary sense of justice, and her over-publicized city clock tells you—or maybe I was feeling jaundiced that day—everything but the time.

But then, I suppose, if your enfolding sea is the colour of violets mixed with forget-me-nots, and is sprinkled with islets; if your back-cloth is the rugged, pine-clad mountains and your skies are cloudless, you have some right to assume the airs characteristic of a reigning beauty.

But for my taste, the less advertised smaller towns, the hamlets with their suggestion of overnight growth, the sudden, springing minarets which exclaim the Eastern heritage of Yugoslavia, the mountain paths where rosemary grows these hold infinitely more charm.

Sibenik, for example, where I made friends with some local people; after supper — "dinner" always being the midday meal — they took me to see the docks.

A Night Of Music

There in a narrow alleyway we sat upon benches outside the solid walls of a seamen's tavern; jugs of Prosek were before us; heavy and sweet it seemed in harmony with the warm, soft night. Our companions were the fishing-folk of the district — except for one man, who,

it turned out, was an artist; in oils, he said, but he proved to be an artist in harmony that night, for shortly after we had arrived he began to play his violin and continued until the stars had disappeared.

I'd already encountered music in Yugoslavia folk-songs, light opera, grand opera, classical concerts — the Yugoslavians love it all. But this was special: the man played on and on, oblivious of his audience which gradually expanded to include sleepy heads from nearby windows.

A policeman and how unobtrusive they are in that kindly land called softly to ask if the music disturbed them; with one voice the listeners replied, "No, no please tell him to go on."

Unforgettable

I watched, enthralled; the night-air smelled of the sea, and of wine, and of oleanders; my host's dark eyes beamed into mine: this was simple evening, but it was typical the English Miss enjoyed it? The English Miss will never forget it.

Nor shall I forget other nights. The one, for instance, in Sarajevo.

In the late afternoon I had amused myself — wryly — by placing my own feet in the prints east in the roadway which mark where Gabriel Princip stood when he shot Franz Ferdinand of Austria and so set Europe afire in 1914, and wondering that it should have been in this city which looks like an illustration to the Arabian Nights that such bitterness began.

As the day cooled, I wandered along the dusty, canna-lily-lined

road, past the bazaar where big-bellied pots and curled-toed slippers sit in neighbourly piles, and came to a small inn with a garden.

Cicadas were strumming softly, the leaves of the jacarandas hung still in the windless air. I ordered Turkish coffee, more for the sake of admiring the copper pot in which it was served than because I really liked its syrupy flavour.

Moon And Song

Around me family parties sat; presently, noticing that I was a foreigner, one man came across and began to speak; we exchanged a few words in tottering Anglo-Yugoslav; then he asked, "Would you care to hear some folk-songs?"

When I said that I should, he did not, as I had half expected, direct me to the local open air theatre such as the one at Dubrovnik where I had seen a wonderful display of national dances, with costumes that flashed in rainbow colours and an intricacy of embroidery.

Instead, he turned to the other guests gathered in the garden and — quite naturally — they began to sing; not even in the first moments did they hesitate, and as the moon came up into the velvet sky, so those kindly, unsophisticated people sang for me, song after song.

And everywhere I went it was the same. Someone would notice the foreign girl and then would begin a stream of kindly questions and a good deal of honest, human curiosity.

Wary About Politics

"Britain, too, is a socialist state," they would say a little

warily and with the only reserve I ever noticed, for politics are not entirely an open subject, even yet.

Then we would explore the local cathedral, visit the waterfalls, drink colourless, but certainly not flavourless, Slivovica or eat Sladoled in the family-homely cafes which abound.

Slivovica? a delicious, fruity plum brandy. Sladoled you'll hardly believe it, but that exotic name disguises an old friend—the custardy, nobbly kind of ice cream that we used to eat as children from the shop on the corner.

Camp Fires

Remembering, now, those sunlit weeks I recall with joy the various salamis for which the whole country is famous. Perhaps those from Slovenia are the best; they have a smoky tang which makes one think of camp fires

And camp fires are a commonplace in Yugoslavia, for in this least Westernized corner of Europe gypsies form a large part of the population. And they are fine people.

I was travelling by bus to Slunj, through the valleys and mountains, ruin-crowned and alive with water, falling, foaming, rushing down village streets, providing the power that operates the long axles of the mills which are Slunj's livelihood.

Gipsy Couple

A gipsy couple halted the bus in a bare mountain road; they were a magnificent pair, he with a remarkable head—the head of a scholar one would say—upon which the round, red pillbox hat with its broad black silk fringe

50

looked—oddly enough—quite dignified; she, with large eyes and erect carriage wore the long, coarse white wool dress lavishly embroidered, which is typical of that part of the land, and her shining black plaits lay over her shoulders to her waist.

The woman sat at her husband's feet, her eyes modestly downcast. The man spoke to the men around him, explaining that they were travelling by the longer, higher route in order to avoid the snakes which infested the lower woods. Presently—and still in wild, deserted country—they left the bus, for the wife could no longer bear the unaccustomed motion of the bus, and, rather than be ill before others, chose the road.

The Herd-Girls

I was sad to see them go; and yet other strange and lovely sights soon filled the gap they left. I could not see enough of the young herd-girls who, barefooted and simply dressed in long, coarse stuff gowns with a rolled-apron like a bolster round their waists, knitted while they tended the herds of cattle wading among the rushes at the streams' edges.

They knitted rapidly, never watching their work, and ran off when they saw strangers, standing at a safe distance to gaze at the unfamiliar light skin and short skirts of the visitor.

Some of them were spinning as they walked, carrying what looked like, to my ignorant eyes, wooden toasting forks with a wad of wool about the handle. Nothing, in these barren mountainous districts where the houses are mere hovels and poverty is all too apparent, is wasted not even time.

Violent Contrasts

And yet—for Yugoslavia is, above all, a land of violent and intriguing contrasts—further south, one has the feeling that, along with the abundant sunshine, the fruit, the flowers, and the expansive smiles of the people, time is endless here.

The day begins early and travellers rise at five o'clock to avoid the midday heat. Shops shut until the late afternoon, when life surges from the ancient houses; women, sometimes, even to-day, veiled in the Turkish tradition, sit on balconies which overhang narrow, dark streets where the shops are holes in the wall—so dark that it is minutes before the eye can distinguish anything.

And the evening, when the air is so soft and languorous, goes on and on in a delicious dream.

Here one sees the long white robe and red fez of the East, and women who resemble animated blankets shuffling in their soft leather slippers with the upturned toes among the vivid green peppers and golden melons of the bazaars.

Here, too, one may buy the "ratluk lokum," which turns out to be another childhood favourite—"Turkish delight."

Complete With Harem

But most other Turkish delights and dangers are gone from Yugoslavia. Although the older people may cling to the sequestered ways and muffled garb of the East, and although the narrow, twisting stairs of a minaret and the high-pitched call to prayer charm the tourist who watches, wide-eyed, the supple genuflections of the

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Madras—J. Balabhai & Co. 280. Subhas Rd.
Mathura—Sarin & Co. Lahiri & Co.
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Meerut Cantt—Modern Medical Stores
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Nagpur—Townsip. Gahaly Stores
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Nawan Sher Doaba—Dr. Asanand & Sons
Patna—Popular Med. Hall. Sen Pharmacy
Philly—Dr. Bhalla Ram & Sons
Poona—N. Mahadeo & Co. Near City. P.O.
Raipur—C.F. Med. Store. Bajrang Med.
Simla—D.B. Vohra & Co. [Store
Secunderabad—C. Mool Chand & Sons
Surat—Dattatraya Chemists. C.N. Bros.
Thapsi—Pioneer Pharmacy
Tharapur—A. Kitchner & Co.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR

faithful, almost the only Turkish home now to be found is that like the museum I found, where there was an upper floor devoted to an exact replica of an old Turkish home, complete with harem.

With its waxen houris and silken rugs, its hookahs and cushioned divans, it was very much what one might have expected, yet it still sent a shiver along this English girl's spine.

Their Naturalness

But there are few sights to send warning chills through anyone in Yugoslavia. Far more frequent are the lovable, the comic, the picturesque or a mixture of all three, perhaps, like the gentlemen in Dalmatia whose trouser seats are so exaggerated as to hang down in what I can only describe as a loop, to the back of the knees one wonders what secret cache they conceal.

And what could be funnier, to invading eyes, than the miniature wooden pipes with bulbous stems into which one inserts one's cigarettes?

Whether the fingers-in-the-dish habit of eating chicken, even in good hotels, is comic or picturesque, I don't know. But I did find it lovable, as I did the uninhibited, gusty voices of the Yugoslavs who never mind the neighbours knowing their business, and the naturalness with which they talk of themselves.

Simple Pleasures

Their likes are many their country and its history, their culture, their new-found progress, their internationally famous sculptor, Mestrovic, now living in

America, whose rise from peasant to wealth is a source of joy to unenvious Yugoslavs

And how they love the simple animal pleasures of swimming whether in the warm Dalmatian sea or the ice-cold trout streams of Slovenia, of skiing, of laughing, of walking, of eating, of drinking in short, how they love living

Intensely vital, surely free from the phobias and fears of more westerly regions in Europe, enjoying the simple pleasures which are all that are allowed them, the Yugoslavs and their lovely country hold a magnetic charm. They are calling me back to their piquancies—but alas I cannot go just now.

Frozen Baby Comes To Life

A ten-week-old baby boy was successfully "frozen" by refrigeration anaesthesia to a body temperature of 66.2 degrees Fahrenheit for a delicate brain operation in a Virginia, U. S. A., hospital.

Surgeons who performed the operation said they believed the temperature was the lowest ever induced in medical history. Normal body temperature is 98.6 degrees, reads a British press report.

The patient was David Colvin, who had suffered severe convulsions. Tests showed they were caused by a blood clot on the brain. The two surgeons who examined him agreed that he must have an operation. They decided to use the refrigeration anaesthesia process because it slows the flow of blood. Unless circulation could be retarded there was a risk that David might bleed to death during the operation.

Restored To Normal

His body temperature was lowered by surrounding him with nylon bags covered with ice. When his temperature reached 66.2 his pulse was down from a normal 140 to 70. His breathing was controlled artificially.

After the 2½-hour operation was over, David's temperature was gradually restored to normal with hot-water bottles.

Eyes with Two Lives!

The Eye Clinic of Debrecen, in Hungary, which recently reported successful operations for restoring sight to the blind, has now announced a method, claimed to be "unique in the world," for preserving the eyes of dead people for surgical use, according to a London periodical.

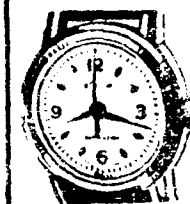
Previously the eye could be preserved for only three days—when the cornea, the "seeing" part of the eye, greyed over, and was no longer of use. The substance of the Debrecen method is that the eye is placed in a jar and frozen to minus 80° Centigrade. The jar is exhausted of air and of all dampness, so that the eye is kept in a dry vacuum.

When it is wanted for use, the seal is broken and the eye is placed in a special saline solution at 37° C., and in half an hour the cornea is said to be as fresh as that of a living person's. A portion is then cut out by circular knife, and used as a graft for blind people suffering from greying-over of the cornea.

In this way, the clinic has preserved eyes for two months, and it is thought that they could be preserved for years if necessary.

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FACTS FOR FARMERS

Berseem Makes Good Hay

Excellent hay of good nutritive value can be made out of berseem. At the Indian Agricultural Institute, New Delhi, wire fencing is profitably utilised for hay-making. The operation starts from the end of March. Berseem cut from the field is spread on the wire fence. It is turned over once or twice, and within a week a hay of excellent quality is made. Hay can also be made spreading the fodder in a thin layer on the ground. The stuff should be turned once, after a day or two, before it becomes brittle.

Raising Tobacco Nursery

Farmers generally use too much seed for the tobacco seed-bed. This results in overcrowding, and, therefore, in weak seedlings with poor root-growth. Generally speaking, two or four pounds of seed will suffice for an acre of nursery. A match-box levelful of seed can be taken to be sufficient to sow one cent or about 50 square yards of seed-bed. Seed should be mixed with fine sand or ash at the rate of one part by volume of seed to 10 to 15 parts of sand or ash. A match-boxful of seed can be mixed with a cigarette-tinful of sand or ash. After broadcasting the seed on the seed-bed, it should be mixed well with the soil with a rake or brush and the surface of the bed made firm. The bed is then sprinkled with water and clean straw thinly spread over it. This can be removed after the germination of seed is complete.

A Ram For Each Group

The best way of managing sheep is to divide the flock into groups of 40 to 50 ewes with one ram to head each group, livestock experts advise. The system has many advantages. It enables the breeder to maintain proper records and helps him in spotting out the ram's defects if he has any, so that he may be called away early. It also avoids the possibilities of ram fighting among themselves. The ram, they advise, should be let in with the ewes only at night after they return from grazing and taken away at daybreak. This will enable ewes to graze undisturbed during the day, and also give rams sufficient rest between mating hours.



IF by some slender chance I go to Heaven after my death and meet God, I intend telling Him, point-blank, on behalf of the whole male population about the great injustice that has been done to us—the males. There are, of course, many injustices we poor males are subjected to, but this is surely the worst type of discrimination. Don't stroke your one-day-old beard and wonder what I am promising you to fight for. I am just referring to the small black things that grow on our face very rapidly, enthusiastically and tirelessly, day after day.

A friend of mine who is a sort of nature-lover, one day, buttonholed me and started describing about the various species of birds, animals, insects, etc. His description of their morals, customs and manners was really breath-taking. When he at last finished he lowered his voice dramatically and enquired if I did not wonder why and for what purpose God had created all these things. I replied that I had often wondered at the dead of night why and for what purpose He creates bugs but that my greatest wonder had always been why and for what purpose He makes hair grow on our face.

Why did He pick up our sex and leave the other alone, why this great partiality?

It all began when I reached eighteen. One day I looked in the mirror and decided that I had legitimate claims to use my father's shaving set. Hitherto, I had been stealing blades from it for sharpening pencils. I set the blade into the razor and allowed it to roam freely round my face. Little did I know that this thing which had started with so much thrill for me would turn into such a nuisance. I suppose it can be compared to the wedding day when there are brilliant lights, grand music, happy laughter and so many thrills. The poor bridegroom, to say the least, is thrilled. He does not know what is in store for him. Coming back to that day when I began shaving, it took thirty days till I could touch the shaving set again. It came down to 25 days, 20 days, 12 days and suddenly to one week. And from one week it dropped to four days.

Only if Mother Earth is as fast and fertile as this, the two words Food and Problem will never be linked together. I noticed one thing. The tiny hairs first used to float in the water-basin. Now they

By S.S. VENKATARAMAN

all go down, showing that shave after shave they are becoming tougher and tougher — that is to say, their specific gravity is becoming greater and greater. I guess lots of people notice the beastly things showing their heads up mockingly even before they have placed the blade, after a good shave, back in the set. A friend of mine shaves daily. When you see him in the morning he is clean-shaven. In the evening when he returns from office you can see a black patch on his dial. Nothing is comparable to the nuisance value of this, save a severe cold which compels you to go out and blow your nose every second.

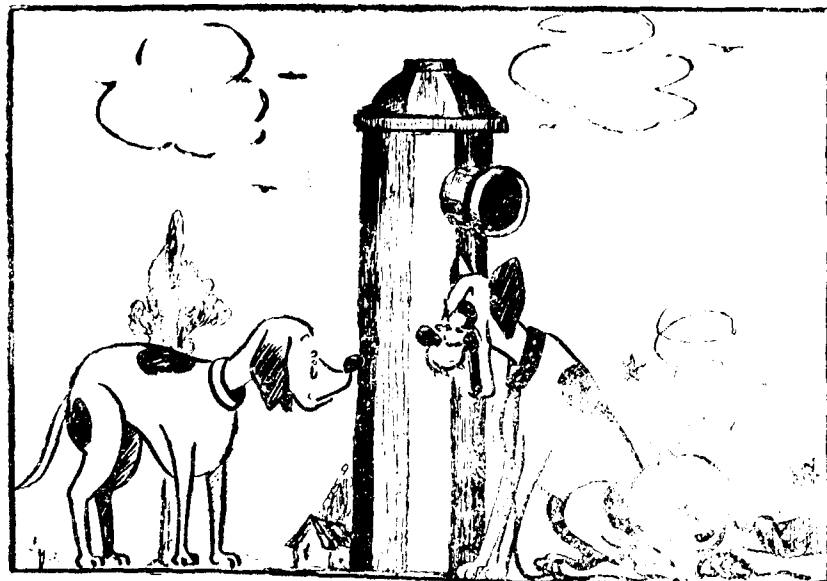
ONE day I resolved to put up a fight—to shave once in ten days only. Before I reached the seventh day friends commented that they never thought it was possible for me to make myself uglier! Some

said that I looked like a Socialist and others asked whether I was convalescing. So I ran to my room and shaved the bally thing off.

If you are lucky enough to escape from infantile death, plague, typhoid etc., etc., and live up to seventy years you will have spent more than 3,000 to 3,600 hours before a mirror for this purpose, so calculates the scientist. And God expects us to make the best of every minute of our life!

There is a custom in the south for the man to grow a beard if the wife is in the family way. Then, again, if some people take a vow before the family deity, they won't touch the blade till it is fulfilled.

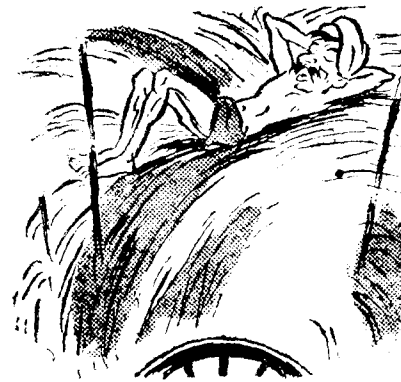
But in civilized society, man and blade go together. I am, however, optimistic. I hope scientists will soon create robots that will shave men while they sleep or snore! Will they work upon this idea? ☺



"Sorry for keeping you waiting so long, darling. You can't even guess what trouble I had with my master to drag myself here!"

When Sleep Comes!

TO the rural folk no gift comes so heavenly and so timely as good sleep after a day's hard work.



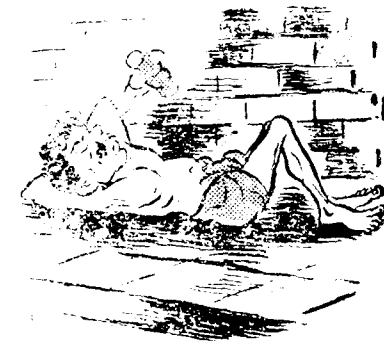
..... on moving bed of hay

And how simply, how naturally they enjoy its magic! They don't bother a jot about their bedding nor make any fuss about the place or time or circumstance, but just slip into sleep, slide into it and glide in its elysian course. No one feels so comfortable as the farmer who makes a bed of hay on moving wheels and drops off to sleep.

No wonder poets have waxed eloquent on its virtues in bringing solace and soft rest to body, mind and soul. Sleep is visualised as Brother of Death, Son of Night, Silence's Child, deaf God, 'Indifferent host to shepherds and to Kings, Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress.' How grace-

fully and beautifully do poets want sleep to come to them! One desires it to descend on him 'like a cloud in gentle showers' and that too 'easily light and as a purling stream' or 'like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain.' Another desires its presence 'with that face to inward light.' How these poets long to kiss or be kissed by it!

THE great significance of sleep lies in its occupying nearly half the portion of one's life and its not depending on downy beds, velvet cushions, flowers and fragrance but on the good health of the person. While many a rich millionaire tosses about slumberless on spring cots provided with a bedding of superlative finery and wakes up with an awful nightmare,



..... snoring on the pavement

unrefreshed and worried, beggars with some rags to cover their nakedness and who live on morsels

By R. BANGARUSWAMI

that their good or evil luck might have given them are found wrapped in deep slumber on the lap of Mother Earth. Or take the labourer in urban areas. He drops off to sleep on a crowded pavement and soon begins to snore. That is a paradox—a paradox with a pointer—which the brother of Death teaches to Life.



..... sleeping over books

What a godsend is sleep to a number of people! Pillowed on the heavy volumes sleeps the student book-worm—unwittingly, unconsciously—with the light by his side bearing witness to the fact!

THE traveller in the third-class railway compartment, with no space on which to stretch his limbs, yawns from his uncomfortable corner, nods his head again and again, knocking it now and then against his neighbour's and finally goes to take such snatches of slumber as he could. The night sub-editor, unmindful of the magnitude of the news before him, falls into a nap over his copy. The watchman 'forgets his hour in his slumber.' The night station staff often get startled into slumber and then get startled out of it.

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Sleep sometimes plays the part of an elusive friend, the role of a Scarlet Pimpernel, a subtle and strange will-o'-the-wisp doing selfish tricks. Sleep—care-charming Sleep—has thus a lot to answer for. By it people have lost cases, students have lost their examinations, householders their possessions, generals their battles.

There is also a kind of sleeping which is a disease brought about by a germ called trypanosome, rather a dangerous disease.

BUT to the majority of people sleep is a refuge from worry, from ill-health, from cares. It adjourns, simply adjourns, many problems by a single stroke of its wand. It shelves distress and difficulty. 'Just sleep over it and you will be all right,' is a very useful tag to follow.

Like many good things it may, however, be overdone and its effects spoiled. Oblomov—the



..... heads knocking in the train

celebrated hero in the great Russian novel bearing his name—sleeps and is found sleeping in the first seventy pages. The servant

comes to the room to clean it, then comes one friend after another. But Oblomov sleeps on with a few conversational intervals. He rolls from side to side, now he lies on his back, now with his back on, but sleeps all the same consigning to Lethe and Oblivion, at least for the time being, all his pressing problems like attending to farm management, change of house and such like.

THERE is Kumbakarna's sleep in the Ramayana which has few parallels. Endymion's sleep for three score and ten years may perhaps be considered as a weak second.

Birds and beasts and plants—they all need sleep, because sleep is as much a life-giver as a life-stiller.

A sixteenth-century man of letters has written some beautiful lines on sleep: 'Sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, while he sleepeth?.....'

Yes, while one sleepeth ... Slumber has taken possession of me. I have poised my head on the typewriter and urr...urr...urr! ☹

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ATOMIC ENERGY FOR FIGHTING DISEASES

*An Interview with GLEB FRANK, Corresponding Member
of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R.*

THE achievements of Soviet scientists in the field of utilizing atomic energy for peaceful purposes have opened boundless possibilities for improving diverse branches of the national economy.

The first radioactive substances, uranium and radium, were discovered more than sixty years ago. It was found at the same time that radioactive radiation possesses great biological action. This led to the idea of utilising these substances for the treatment of cancer. But formerly the patient's organism could be radiated only externally. Natural radioactive metals proved to be unsuitable for internal use because they decay too slowly and can therefore themselves become sources of disease.

The situation altered greatly after the discovery of artificial radioactive substances. Within a comparatively short period, about seven hundred radioactive isotopes were obtained. This opened broad possibilities for the utilisation of many of them in the national economy and also in medicine.

As is known, the continuous process of metabolism is the basis of life. Every human disease in one way or another is connected with metabolic disturbances. These disturbances can be determined with maximum precision by means of radioactive isotopes, otherwise called labelled atoms.

For instance, with the help of labelled atoms the diseases of the thyroid gland can be diagnosed. For this purpose a small amount of radioactive iodine is introduced into the organism which accumulates in the thyroid gland. In order to find out how much of it has accumulated in the gland, a so-called counter is placed on the neck of the patient. This device precisely shows how rapidly and in what quantities the radioactive isotope of iodine is taken up by the thyroid gland. The rate of uptake helps to diagnose the disease and prescribe the proper treatment.

WITH the help of labelled atoms the rate of circulation is elucidated and this, in its turn, is very important for the diagnosis of diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Labelled atoms help study the chemical processes that lie at the basis of nervous activity, the processes that take place in the brain, etc.

But radioactive substances are used in medicine not only as a means of diagnosis. If they are taken in large quantities, they exert a definite influence on the living organism. For instance, when radioactive iodine is introduced into the organism it accumulates in the thyroid gland and exerts a healing influence upon it. Radioactive phosphorus irradiates bone marrow and is utilised as a means of combating leukemia. Modern radiology plays

an important role in the treatment of cancer.

Instead of the expensive and extremely deficient radium, Soviet medicine widely employs artificial radioactive cobalt for external irradiation with gamma-rays. Therapeutic gamma-apparatuses GUT-CO-400 are charged with this isotope. The charge of cobalt is equal in power of gamma radiation to 400 grams of radium while the former largest therapeutic apparatuses contained only 12 grams of the natural element. There are also other types of apparatuses of this kind. To-day all the cancer institutions of the Soviet Union employ them. In every large city of the country one finds these installations with the trademark of the Moscow plant Mosroentgen.

Powerful therapeutic installations GUT-CO-400 make it possible to act upon a diseased locus at a depth of 10—12 centimetres from the skin surface. With the help of this apparatus tumours of the lungs, oesophagus, etc., are treated. GUT-CO-20 makes it possible to treat cancer of the jaw, larynx, nasopharynx and many other diseases including birthmarks on human skin.

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ATOMIC energy opens truly boundless possibilities to medicine. We scientists know well the curative power of artificial radioactive substances which are now obtained, thanks to the successes of "atomic technique."

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DAWN OF FREEDOM—(Continued from page 36)

free from bondage and suffering—how sweet she looked

Ranjan woke up with a start to find himself pushed off the pavement. The ring he had been holding and looking into was jerked out of the fingers and rolled across the street. He rushed to retrieve it when a car frantically blew the horn and with protesting, shrieking brakes came to a halt and almost knocked him over. An expectant, excitement-thirsty crowd milled round. A man got out of the car and strode, flushed and angry, to where Ranjan lay stunned, clutching the ring.

"You fool!" shrieked the irate owner of the car. "Get up, I will take you to the police!"

Ranjan got up with his pale, shocked face.

"Why, Ranjan!" exclaimed the man, surprised.

RANJAN found himself facing an old friend, a fellow soldier who had parried many a blow against the mighty lords, missed many a meal in out-of-the-way hide-outs and then suddenly drifted apart.

"Don't you recognise me? I am Rao! We burnt the vans together and eluded the soldiers! Come, get in!"

Rao pulled Ranjan in and the car drove away. The disappointed crowd scattered.

Ranjan was led into a spacious and richly furnished drawing room; he looked around in admiration, but felt rather puzzled.

"I have not done so bad!" smiled Rao. "Freedom was won

through our labour and, well, I have nothing to grumble about!"

"Apparently not, but how did you acquire all this wealth?"

"Through my own foresight. The post-war period left a deficit of food all over. Partition created more shortages. I only tried to sell the vital necessity of life at my own price"

"You mean, you you joined the black"

"GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him! It is your cock-eyed sense of false honesty that makes you see things this way. In trade on an international scale same things are done. A country is made defenceless against aggression and then signs a treaty for help and is made to pay through the nose for arms. A country is made defenceless against disease and pays huge sums for medicines. Why can't you be a realist"

"I am trying to be a realist—but I cannot see international parallelism in simple national honesty. Is it for all this that you and I fought and starved, and staked everything?"

"You admit we staked everything. Suppose we had failed, no one would have shed half a tear for us. But we have succeeded! Why not reap the harvest? Surely you are not leaving already? Look, here comes Jikki with refreshment."

A very beautiful woman came in. She placed the tray and went out. Rao smiled.

"A refugee. I gave her shelter. She was sold for a pound of rice!

Of course, I paid nearly two hundred for her, in Calcutta!"

Ranjan collapsed on a chair. He couldn't believe his ears.

"You mean to say, a girl was sold for a pound of rice and then like a saleable commodity resold again"

"A beautiful girl has always a market"

"Rao! And you come from a decent family and call yourself a patriot!"

"LOOK here, Ranjan! Step down your ivory tower. Remember they pillaged and looted the village and this girl had to run for life with her husband. Her child and the old mother-in-law perished with hundreds on the way. When they arrived in Calcutta, they were mere skeletons, scarecrows! Some shrewd fellow saw possibilities in her. Gave her husband a pound of rice and he went mad with ecstasy. Luckily I met her, negotiated with the new escort and helped her out. She has now everything that she wants including my favours"

Ranjan could bear no more; like a mad man, he rushed out of the room. Outside he collided with Jikki, bringing in glasses of

water. The water spilled on the floor but Ranjan quickly caught hold of the woman to save her from falling. Jikki looked at him in alarm.

"Leave me!" she whispered. "He might come out and see us!"

In disgust, Ranjan withdrew his hands and quickly went out of the room. Once more on the streets, his brain was in a fever. There was a big crowd shouting slogans and marching. The patriotic words jarred on his ears. He closed them and hurried past. Just as he was at the tail-end of the human stream he saw something which made his eyes pop out. A person from the procession was after a prosperous man and he saw the fellow fish out a fat wallet. Instinctively Ranjan jumped on the fellow and collared him.

"Thief! Pick-pocket!" he shouted in anger.

THE fellow deftly thrust the wallet in his hands and wriggled away. Some people gave a chase but the thief mixed with the patriotic crowd and was indistinguishable. All this happened so quickly that Ranjan stood staring, the wallet clutched in his hand. A pick-pocket masquerading as a patriot! And then he looked round

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to restore the property to the owner who was getting into his car. But he was too late; the car drove away leaving him staring, a fog in his mind, a whiff of smoke and dust in front of his eyes. He stood still, holding the wallet in his hand, and then something began to happen.

A QUEER tremor began to rise from somewhere in the pit of his stomach and reverberate all over the body. With a flushed face and a thumping heart he quickly looked all around. The place was now fairly deserted. He turned and walked fast towards a clump of trees and sitting down on one of the cribbed, twisted, roots opened the wallet. Stuffed inside was a thick wad of hundred-rupee notes. He pulled them out feverishly and thrust them into his pocket. A goat bleated near him. He quickly hid the wallet under a bulging root and covered it up with earth. Then he got up with a look of determination and began to walk away. But each step he took seemed to bang against a huge hollow gong and send the air vibrating with a metallic shriek that seemed to utter "THIEF!"

The clash and din began to rise with the rhythm of his footsteps. In desperation he stopped. Beads of perspiration sparkled on his forehead; his whole frame shook with horror. Slowly he retraced his steps and retrieved the wallet. Inside he found the card bearing the name of the owner. He pulled out the notes from his pocket and jammed them back into the wallet and with a shrug stood up once more. The music had ceased; a cow lay peacefully chewing the cud in the sun.

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When Ranjan arrived weary at the house of the owner of the wallet, he found the man getting into his car. Ranjan tried to stop him from driving away a second time.

"You want to speak to me? Jump in. I am in a hurry!"

He started the engine as Ranjan got in by his side. Turning to him, the owner, who seemed rather upset, spoke as he pushed in the gear.

"I have lost something very important."

"Your wallet!"

"How do you know?"

"Is this yours?"

The man turned off the ignition and grabbed the wallet. Then he frantically pulled out the notes that scattered and fell, till he fished out a receipt, and then heaved a sigh of relief.

"THANK goodness, it is here! I was just going to the police station." The man counted the money and feeling satisfied pulled out a hundred-rupee note and held it in front of Ranjan. Ranjan recoiled as if he had been looking into the eyes of a viper.

"No—no! Keep it!"

"But I am giving it to you! You can't imagine what you have done for me. This paper is worth lakhs. Come, I'll make it two hundred!"

"Please—please take them away!" stammered Ranjan. The owner looked at him surprised.

Ranjan could bear it no more; he broke into tears. All his mental conflict, pent-up sorrow and restrained anger came gushing out in tears, of pain, misery and frustration.

"What is the matter?" asked the man patting his back, rather bewildered.

Slowly and gradually Ranjan told the rich man of his life and dreams.

"AND today I became a thief—a despicable, common thief! I who had left home, property, relations to fight for my Motherland, dedicated my life to the emancipation of millions of her enslaved children; I who had faced fearlessly the enraged British might, persecution and ruthless punishment—to-day I broke down and wilted at the spectre of my daughter crying for a new frock and a few crackers to celebrate, like any other children, the glorious anniversary of our Independence and I had almost stolen those notes—oh, take them away, they seem to mock me, to remind me of my terrible downfall and weakness!"

"Come, pull yourself up. The world has changed, poverty and hunger have bred distrust and greed. But man has always triumphed over temporary lapses. Sometimes he forgets everything including God and only thinks of himself. But the dignity of the human soul is bound finally to triumph. Now, accept this as a present for your daughter. I have children, and will feel offended if you refuse."

Ranjan hesitated. It seemed impossible to believe his ears; this opulent man talking of human

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R. K. Madhav, Nasulipatam

soul and honesty, while his friend Rao had called him a fool!

"I want work, an opportunity to earn my living and devote the rest of my time to the service of the country."

"Then come and meet me in a day or two. I have plenty of work and it would be a privilege to have an honest and sincere man like you."

Ranjan felt enveloped in an atmosphere of unreality as he moved with the surging crowd. He walked, wondering why this tremendous, ebullient energy of these free people could not be harnessed to useful purposes, to build and not destroy, to create a new world of hope, peace, beauty, progress and stability, of tolerance, honesty and love.....and along all these musings overlapping them in rhythmic monotone came: "A pound of rice—take it! Give me back my Jikki!"

A LOUD chorus of laughter broke into the placidity of his thoughts and he looked back startled. Some urchins were teasing a dirty-looking beggar and one had snapped at his bag and scattered some rice. The beggar looked stunned and horrified while the boy roared with laughter. Ranjan angrily chased the boys away, but the beggar looked pathetically at him and then with tears in his eyes clutched his arm.

"The rice is fallen—it took me months to get the pound of rice. I begged from door to door—it is yours, all yours—if only you give me back my Jikki." Ranjan began to shiver with apprehension as he stared at the beggar. Was this the husband who had forgotten his wife for a pound of rice? And

then came the procession out of an adjoining lane, wishing vociferously a long life to freedom. The beggar straightened up, his blood-shot eyes burning with anger.

"Freedom! Freedom which has uprooted us, made us beasts! Take this!"

Before Ranjan knew what was happening the man had picked up a handful of the scattered rice and dust and thrown it violently at the former's face, quivering with rage.

Ranjan, without flinching, caught hold of the man by the shoulder and drew him close to his bosom.

"Brother! What is the matter? Why are you so bitter over freedom?"

"Brother? You call me brother! And you in power, with that white cap—I can't believe it."

As Ranjan patted him affectionately, the beggar broke out into a sob. Ranjan gradually steered him along the road listening to his story till they came and stood opposite Rao's house. He pointed out the house and told the man where he could find his Jikki and also many pounds of rice stored in the cellar.

On hearing this news the beggar became like a man suddenly transformed.

"You have called me a brother, you have shown me where my beloved wife is—how can I thank you, how can I ever hope to repay your debt?"

"You speak like an educated man!"

"Sorry if I do, but it is not my fault! I had been a school teacher

—ha! And now I am starting to learn all over again!"

It was around dusk when, laden with sweets, crackers and a white silk sari for his wife, Ranjan passed the small village on the outskirts of his place. There was a show going on, a crude folk ballet, and Ranjan stopped for a second. A strange thrill passed through his frame as, in song and dance, the artistes depicted select scenes from the archives of history, the immortal deeds of valour and the indomitable triumph of the spirit. Hundreds of poor men, women and children sat listening with rapt attention. A warmth of pride swept over him as he heard of the great warriors, saints and leaders of this country. Tears came to his eyes as he thought of the great men who had renounced wealth and come and lived with the poor.

He turned homewards, his mind again afire with the complexity of the problem. Many sneered at the old and past glory. It was dead and buried, they said, fit for the museum. But here he found even the hungry listening with joy and pride to the glories of the past. He plodded on and laughed at

those who forgot the past and the future but stared at one another in the grimness of the present. He was nearing the end of the narrow lane when from a small thatched hut came the cry of a woman. Quickly he went up to the hut and there in the light of a dim oil lamp he saw a man gasping for breath and his wife crying. There was a young girl who lay on the floor asleep. Ranjan tried to console her.

"My husband is dying They are all celebrating freedom And from now on it will be only bondage for me"

The girl was young and her heart-rending sob tortured Ranjan. Before long the man died and the young wife clutched the dead body and wailed. Ranjan called some neighbours, left the fruits and sweets for the kid and the white silk sari to cover the dead body.

When Ranjan returned to the village he was soul-weary. A few of his friends caught hold of him and dragged him to the specially erected platform where some prominent men had come to give a talk. The election results had

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been very favourable to the local candidate and when Ranjan arrived a dance was on. Just as the dance finished, Ranjan's friends spotted him and with cheers dragged him to the platform. There went up a loud bout of clapping and cheering. Ranjan stood grim.

"PLEASE stop all this sham nonsense!" he shouted suddenly. A shocked silence descended on the crowd.

In crisp pointed words he narrated what he had seen that day. "We are gloating over our election success. We are proud that the biggest election in the world is taking place and glibly say that we have given franchise to millions. What is franchise to the ignorant, overwhelmed with fright and poverty, hunger and dread? And while you offer refreshments and make promises, millions of these enfranchised human beings are going hungry, depressed, helpless! We talk about them lovingly; for getting their votes we promise them heaven and earth; we rush from village to

village and then give press interviews shedding tears for the poor and the oppressed, and finally go home satisfied, happy in having done our work. Well, shan all this sham, be honest with yourselves. Stop this show and self-publicity. If you really love your fellow beings, if you truly cherish freedom, go and strangle first your brethren who exploit us and flourish in the black market.

"THEN spare a few hours of your time to go to the illiterate and the poor and teach them to become human beings, to think in terms of honest work, discipline and fellow feeling. Once we have made them conscious of their own potentialities, we need not go canvassing for votes—they will exercise their true franchise! I share your shame in not having done more useful work—but I have seen things to-day which made me shudder, made me feel sick that all the sacrifices we made to gain freedom have brought in mere selfishness and disgrace. It is an auspicious day, for after centuries of bondage we have on our own free country, with our own

men running the government. But are we free? Search your hearts. Are we honest? Find out for yourselves!"

RANJAN stopped suddenly for he felt a tug at his jubba and there was Mangala. He picked her up and jumped down the platform. The girl was happy.

"You speak so well, mother says, but the people are so quiet. Nobody clapped!"

"No, my darling! We have had enough of clapping and mutual admiration

"Where are my sweets — and crackers — and the frock?"

"I bought them all but — you see, I met a very young girl who had no father and who was crying."

"Then why did you not get her here?"

"But I gave her all the things I bought for you and she was very happy!"

"Oh, but I am not!"

"Mangala!" came a voice from behind, and they both turned. It was Saroja who had listened to

her husband and been quietly following them. Ranjan turned and stood surprised. Saroja came and fell at his feet.

"Why, Saroja! My feet are dirty!"

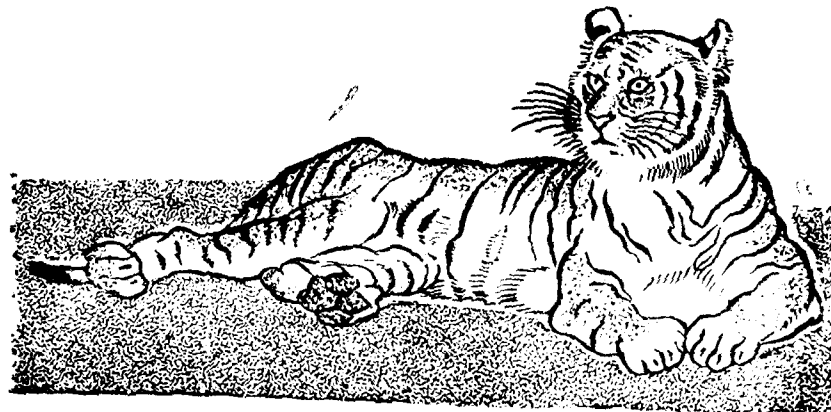
"You must forgive me — I was angry with you this morning. I thought of my child and our poverty — I was envious of the few who are richer than ourselves. Now I feel so bad, for there are millions who are worse off than we are!"

Ranjan pulled her up and they stood clinging to each other near their door.

"I don't know, my darling! I really don't know who is better off — but I do know now that most of us talk of a damn lot more than we mean!"

He gave Mangala a rupee note and the child ran in to put it into her empty toy box. They both stood watching. Then he caught hold of her hand and slipped the ring back on her finger. Tears came to her eyes and she clutched his hand. Years back he had done the same thing, but now she loved him deeply, admired him even more. ♦♦

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STRANGE DRAMA!

I WAS walking slowly, holding the umbrella, humming a tune, back from my hair-dresser's. The rain poured steadily, doing the Municipality a fine service of washing the roads clean. The gutters couldn't drink in all the water at one time, so the water remained stagnant on the roads, making wonderful pools for children to splash in and play. Even old folk out for an evening walk, but caught in the shower, had to jump to and fro with their dhotis folded up above the knee to avoid the soaking.

Suddenly the banging sound of a powerful motor-cycle sounded

through the streets and, at the same time, a car emerged from a compound. The motor-cycle was running at a good speed, its wheels were spinning in the water like water-wheels. As the car was heaving itself out of the compound, the motor-cycle came rushing in. There was a loud noise of brakes working on both the sides, but the slippery mud had its own ideas. The vehicles moved on despite the brakes. There was a crash. The motor-cycle bumped into the car, and threw its rider high up and then Splash head first he landed in the water. It looked like one of those fancy American

dives! He tried to get up quickly but the slippery mud refused to allow him to get up without a second dip. His foot slipped and once again he was gasping and gurgling in the dirty water.

Well, this time the motor-cycle rider successfully got up but only after having had a good bath in the gutter water that was overflowing. He was dripping from head to foot, and his new clothes now wanted some good washing.

"Stand aside This is no show!" yelled Shantilal, the motor-cycle rider helplessly. The road was now filled with a large crowd of people who had stopped to see something about which they could tell their friends later on.

THE car owner, whose name was Lekhraj, popped out of his car and yelled at the top of his voice, "What do you mean by rushing like that and damaging my car? And if you go on driving like that, you will certainly find yourself in a hospital, you fool!"

— By G.P. ANAND —

"Mind your tongue, you idiot! It was all your fault, because you never warned me while you were coming out of the gate by sounding your horn," shouted Shantilal with rage.

"Well, don't you know that this is a silence zone?"

"Of course not! I am a new-comer to this city."

Some men came forward and calmed them down, pointing to the jam in traffic that the accident had caused. Both went to their own vehicles and as Shantilal was picking up his motor-cycle,

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Lekhraj's eyebrows knitted into a puzzled expression. He scratched his bald head and gazed uncertainly at Shantilal.

HE nodded to himself as if he had come to a decision and tapped the other on his shoulder and said in a curious voice, "Hey,..... Are you Shantilal?"

The other looked up with surprise and focused his gaze upon Lekhraj. For some time they stared at each other like statues and then with a quick motion they threw themselves into each other's arms!

"Oh, Shantilal!" exclaimed Lekhraj with delight.

"Why.....it is Lekhraj!" gasped Shantilal, hugging the other for minutes on end.

"Oh, I have thousands of things to tell you about, my dear friend, because six years have passed since I saw you last!"

"Ah, you sure have changed a lot, Lekhraj!"

For the first time they became aware of the fact that all the spectators were watching them.

"Well, come into my house, dear friend. We can talk at ease there," said Lekhraj, putting his arm around the other's shoulder.

The car was backed into the compound and the servants carried the motor-bike. The friends walked in, chatting, arm in arm. Only a little while ago, they had been glaring at each other like two tigers let out of their cages.

The crowd, after seeing this strange drama, melted away. Many seemed thoroughly disappointed at the very tame end.

NOT SO DAFT!

MADHU tapped her little head with the end of her pencil. She chewed it for the third time, as she went through all the items of expense jotted down by her out of memory, once again, in an all-out-effort to account for a sum of Rs. 70 which she thought she had spent somewhere on something, during the month, but could not recollect it. Time and again, Roy had politely impressed upon her the desirability of maintaining day-to-day accounts, but like most housewives, she preferred to rely on memory. Not that she was not well up in arithmetic but she found the task of adding figures irksome, dull and uninteresting and could not cultivate the habit to please her hubby.

She did make an attempt but gave it up sooner than she had imagined, for she could not produce the writing material at the precise moment. So the whole idea had to be postponed, if not finally scrapped. Roy, on the other hand, never went wrong so far as accounts were concerned, for he had kept a diary ever since he was a college student. It also contained useful information about the people he contacted.

On return from the office, Roy found her poring over a slip of paper and toying with a pencil. So engros-

sed was she in the memory-test that she was quite unaware of the presence of her hubby by her side, watching her

with some interest. He stood there for a few seconds before slipping into the arm-chair nearby.

"Do let me help you, Madhu," he said in a low voice.

SHE looked up and was on her feet instantly. She went across and greeted him with a bright smile.

"When did you come?" she asked. "I didn't see you. I was so absorbed. Go and have a quick wash while I bring you a cup of tea."

"Thank you, dear. You are far sweeter than your name," he complimented. "But there's no hurry. Tea can wait. First tell me what's worrying you."

"Oh, it's nothing. You'll laugh! Well, if you must know, I can't remember where I have spent seventy chips. Here's the list of expenses drawn up by me."

"Now, let me see," said he, going through it. "Seventy chips! Well, well! I think we have got it. That's the amount we spent on Uma's wedding gift. I don't find it in the list at all."

By Narendra Nath

"Ob, yes," smiled the other admiring him. "You are right. How silly! I forgot it altogether. You are a gem, Roy. What a

memory! Must have taken a lot of almonds with butter, what quite young! I know what you will say. I'd better go and prepare tea."

"Just a moment, Madhu. I have received a telegram from Rishi....."

"Rishi!"

"You haven't met him. We were at college together. No, he didn't come to our wedding. Couldn't get leave."

"The one who went on a hike with you on the Kumaon Hills?"

"Oh, you know that? Must have told you! Yes, the same. He is arriving tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! But we are leaving the day after!"

"I know that. I am in a fix. Don't know how

long he intends staying with us. Wish he'd stated that. We shall find out when he comes."

"I think we can tell him tactfully that we are going on a holiday and have made all arrangements."

"He might feel it. He is apt to think we don't want him here. Besides, he is your guest. I leave him to your care."

"Why not ask him to accompany us?"

"That's out of the question. He is a nice chap, sociable and good company. But we don't want to spoil our holiday."

"Well, I think I shall manage that. Leave it to me."

ROY found no change in Rishi. To Madhu he was quite likeable,

lively and nice to talk to. Rishi was all praise for Madhu. He liked everything about her.

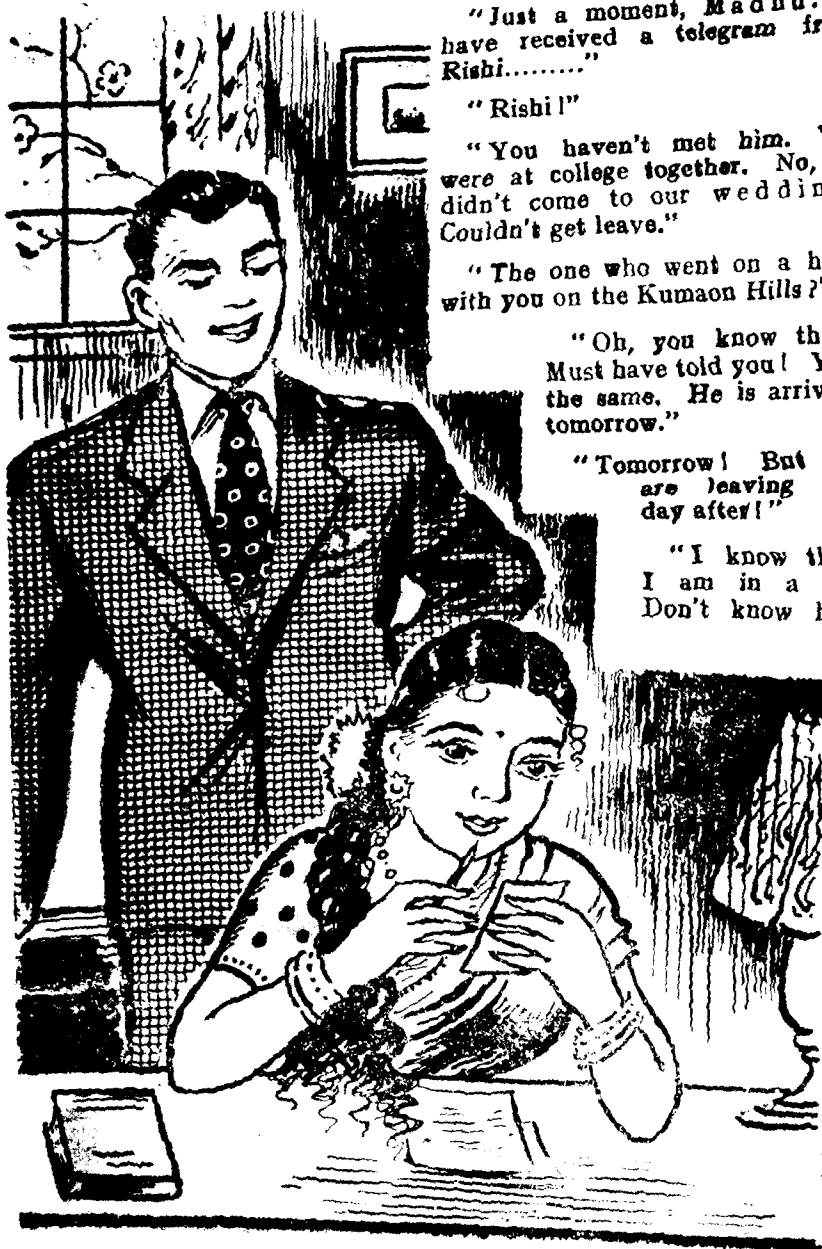
"No, Bhabi," said Rishi politely, "I don't think I'll have another helping, though very tempting. I have already had more than I should have. Very delicious. Never tasted such excellent preparations before."

"I am glad you liked them," smiled Madhu, slightly blushing at the compliment.

"You are lucky, Roy," said Rishi addressing him. "Bhabi is a charming hostess. I shall remember her dishes for long."

"Wait till you get married," interposed Madhu.

"Kamala is not good at cooking," replied Rishi. "She told me so."



CLERK (to Manager): "Here is the letter you wanted yesterday, sir. It was not difficult, after all, to pick it up!"

"Maybe she is too modest," suggested Madhu.

"No, she won't be able to make such preparations without your help," replied Rishi. "You do them so nicely that I almost feel tempted to enjoy your hospitality for a day more."

"You must stay," said Madhu sweetly, eyeing Roy.

"Yes, you must!" pressed the host.

"Well, if you insist, I can't say no," said Rishi with a smile.

RISHI was in a cheerful state of mind when he bade 'Good-night' to Madhu and Roy. He had hardly turned in, when there was a gentle knock at the door. He got up and opened it to Daya Ram, the servant, who had brought him a message from the mistress inquiring if he, too, like his friend, preferred a fresh-water bath in the morning. Rishi was taken aback. He looked at the servant blankly and nodded mechanically.

The young man could not compose himself to sleep. He lay stiff in the bed for a few seconds. A cold bath in winter and at a place like Devlali! He shuddered. The very thought sent a shiver of chill through his body. He had had a bath that afternoon and that was good enough for three days of winter, if not more. Why be unkind to oneself? A good bath occasionally in winter was far better than daily baths taken hurriedly to please some one or with an avowed object of moistening one's body. He had endeavoured to find out the ideal way to brave a cold bath. But he

could not make up his mind as to which part of the body to subject to the water-test first. He had tried various permutations and combinations, but when it came to wetting the tummy or the back his courage failed him quite often.

So he had not taken kindly to cold baths. And here he was confronted with the prospect of going through an ordeal early in the morning! When out in the Kumaon Hills with his friends he had gone without a bath, and they teased him for that. Once they conspired to drench him in a swimming pool but Roy came to his rescue and the would-be-victim had to part with a 'fiver' to save himself from being soaked mercilessly. No, that wouldn't do. He must find out a way, and he didn't take long. He smiled. Yes, that was the best course. He would stick to his original programme.

NEXT morning, when Roy woke up, he was surprised to learn from the servant that their guest had departed. There was a note for him. He read it. Rishi thanked them heartily for the kind hospitality and the warm reception accorded to him. He immensely enjoyed his stay with them and had nothing but praise for his delightfully smart and lovable Bhabi. He was extremely sorry, however, for not keeping his word but he had completely forgotten about an important meeting the following day, which he could not miss. As the train left early, he didn't want to disturb them. He ended the note with sincere apologies once again for not being able to say 'Good-bye' to them.

Roy broke the news to Madhu, who smiled somewhat mischie-

vously. Suddenly, it dawned on him that she had a hand in Rishi's abrupt departure.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"Easy!" replied the other naively. "I got the cue from you when you said he had not changed a bit. So, I sent Daya Ram, as Rishi was about to retire at night,

asking if he would prefer a fresh-water bath in the morning, like you. And it worked! I am really sorry he left; he's such a nice man."

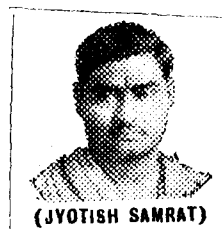
"Good Heavens! Have you been reading my diary?"

She nodded with a smile. And both had a hearty laugh. ♦♦

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—By K.R.S.—

V.P. Palmer, Mangalore 3

Q.—What do you think about the Big-Four Conference recently held at Geneva?

A.—How far the public statements made by the Great Two among the Big-Four at Geneva are genuine is really difficult to say. But I only hope that there is not lurking behind all the political platitudes par excellence regarding peace and co-existence another Pearl Harbour treachery.

Miss T. N. Sulochana, Madras-4

Q.—What is the best philosophy for one in this life on earth? Can you explain in simple words?

A.—Be good, do good.

Jagdish Chandra Saxena, Rath

Q.—Is a bachelor's life happier than the life of a married man?

A.—It depends on what is understood by the term "happiness." What the one has, the other misses and vice versa.

Loknath Rao, Kidderpore

Q.—Why our country is undeveloped?

A.—Owing to sheer lack of financial and technical resources. That is exactly why our Government is accepting American Aid.

V.T. Shanmugham, Madras-12

Q.—If I come personally to your office, will you offer me good entertainment with your entire heart?

A.—You can certainly feel the fullness of my heart and the emptiness of my purse.

N. C. Vinayak, Poona

Q.—What are films?

A.—The medium for the emotional escape of the average man for about two to three hours.

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—What do you think the State should do for the child up to the age of twelve?

A.—Ensure its healthy growth mentally and physically by providing educational and medical facilities, absolutely free in respect of all those whose parents are poor.

S. K. Subramanian, Trivandrum

Q.—Is there any one worse than the one who himself insults his national flag?

A.—Yes, the very many men in authority who allow the insults to be heaped on the visible symbol of a full-fledged nationhood on the plea of political exigency and thereby show themselves in their true colours in regard to their pride about the country's colours.

N.J. Sharief, Tirupati

Q.—Whom will you prefer between the rustic Nimmi of Amar and the vagabond Madhubala of Dulari?

A.—It really matters little inasmuch as it is all so much shadow and not substance.

R.V. Sreehar, Narasapatnam

Q.—Can this worldly life help one to cross the ocean of birth and death?

A.—Yes. Like the drop of water on the Lotus, one should be of this world and yet not be part of it. Do read one or more of Swami Sivananda's innumerable books and you will know how one can lead the life divine here and now.

S. Balavinayagam, Madurai

Q.—When was the Oxford University established?

A.—It was founded in the reign of Henry III, on the site of certain schools which were said to have been built by King Alfred in 872 A. D. It was granted a Charter of Incorporation by Queen Elizabeth in 1570. The University comprises about 22 Colleges as well as what are called private Halls and 5 Women's Societies.

Anasuya—Sujata, Buchireddipalem

Q.—God created us. But who created Him?

A.—God only knows!

YOU' ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the queries irritate you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!

Sound SHADOW

At The Film Studio in Azerbaijan

I RECENTLY had the occasion to visit the Baku film studio, inside which silence reigned supreme. Now and again signs appear calling for silence because filming or recording is going on. The first impression is that everything is dead silent but, actually, life is seething in the studio.

Now and again one meets assistant producers leading made-up actors to the filming room, trolleys carrying properties and furniture, cranes moving noiselessly along the corridors reminding one of giraffes by their size and form; muffled voices are heard behind the doors of one of the halls indicating that a rehearsal is on.

I stopped at the door of the pavilion as the signal was given for silence which meant that the filming was on and one could not enter until it was over. The producer was giving various orders and suddenly I heard the familiar voice of Rashid Beibutova, People's Artiste of the Azerbaijan Republic. The pavilion was filming a new feature film, *The Happiest Day*.

By Yekaterina Naroditskaya, Film Critic

This is the first time I met the group of young film workers: Lyatif Safarov, producer, and Arif Narimbekov, operator, who told me about their work.

The plot of the film is about a young oil worker who possessed a wonderful voice. His voice was often heard over the broad vistas of the Caspian helping people in their work and bringing them joy. The lad loved his work but in his heart he cherished the dream of becoming an artiste, and his dream came true. But it was not only success that lay in his path but misfortunes as well for he had lost his voice. But Bahtiyar was not alone in his troubles. He felt the concern of his former fellow-workers, his friends among the artistes and the audience to whom he, like his songs, had become near and dear. The plain Soviet people helped him to recover his voice. The happiest day in Bahtiyar's life was when he again began to sing.

The Baku film studio trained a number of fine actors. The actors in this film are Peo Artiste Geraibekov, Efendiev,

lov, and others well known to audiences from the film *Arshin Mal-alan*.

Jabrail Azimov, talented art director, was able to convey the national colour and beauty of Azerbaijan's natural scenery in the decorations of the film.

The music was written by Tofik Kuliev. The people are familiar with his songs from Rashida Beibutova's repertory. Tofik Kuliev draws his unusual melodies from the inexhaustible source of the national musical folklore.

The Happiest Day is now being produced. By the end of the year, the audience will see the new film produced by the Azerbaijan studio.

In the making is another feature film, *The Meeting*, which the Baku film studio will produce in co-operation with the artistes of the

Uzbek S.S.R. The scenario written by Edhem Kulibekov and Nina Pozina describes the art of raising rich cotton harvests, friendship among peoples and great force of love.

Edhem Kulibekov graduated from the scenario faculty of the State Institute of Cinematography only in 1950. The authors have put into their first scenario the entire force of their talent, the charm of youth and love for their own country. They follow very keenly the choice of actors.

The well-known Uzbek film actresses Yulduz Rizayeva, who played Zuhra in *Tahir and Zuhra*, and Kelli Ataulayeva who played Ai Gul in *Downfall of Emirate* have come from Tashkent to try their hand with the role of the heroine, the young Uzbek cotton grower. The filming will begin very soon.



Photo shows a working moment in the shooting of the film *The Happiest Day* at the Baku Studio in Azerbaijan, U.S.S.R.

7 — 15th August, '55

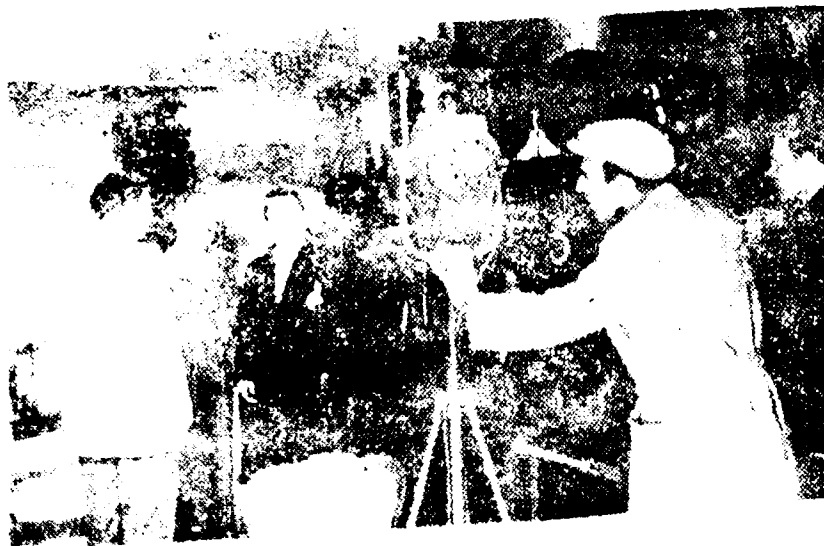
Besides producing its own films, the Baku film studio dubs in the Azerbaijan language 18 feature films, a number of documentary films, films on popular science and farming as well as 30 newsreels. The Baku film studio is still young but it is constantly growing. A new building is going up in Baku to house the film studio for the construction of which the State allocated 37 million rubles. The extended area of the pavilions and new equipment will make it possible to considerably increase output of films.

The growing Azerbaijan's cinematography constantly demands new national cadres. During its existence the Baku studio trained a number of producers among whom are outstanding film workers. The Moscow Institute of Cinematography is attended by twelve envoys from Azerbaijan who will soon be called upon to produce new films in their own republic.

On leaving the Baku film studio I was proud of the fraternal Azerbaijan people who but recently were backward and ignorant and to-day are producing their own national films.

Czech Film Delegation's Visit To Madras Studios

The Czechoslovak Film Delegation which was on a visit to the City had arranged a special show of their films on Aug. 9 at the Midland Talkies for the benefit of the people connected with the film industry and the Press. The members of the delegation visited the Gemini Studio and Vauhini Studio as also the Government Art Gallery, the Madras Museum, the Marina, the Kapali temple in Mylapore and other places of interest the very next day. A reception was accorded to them by Miss Tara Chaudhri, who visited Czechoslovakia recently as the



At the Baku Film Studio, Azerbaijan. Seen in the photo (left to right) at the time of the shooting of a scene in the film *The Happiest Day* are: Geraibekov, Efendiev, Rashid Peibutov and Safarov. On the right is seen the operator Narimanbekov.

'prima ballerina' of the Indian Cultural Delegation, at the Indian Dance Centre, Mount Road, Madras. M/s Vijaya Productions also gave a reception to the delegation at the Vauhini Studio, Kodambakam. On arrival, the delegates were received by Messrs. B. N. Reddi, Chakrapani, Rama Rao (the Secretary of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce), Producer Director Kempuraj and others. They were taken round the various departments and later shown a few select reels of the most popular films produced by M/s Vijaya Productions.

State Sangita Nataka Sangam

Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor, inaugurated the Madras State Sangita Nataka Sangam here on Wednesday last. Affiliated to the All-India Sangeet Nataka Akadami, the Sangam, aided by the State Government, will foster and develop the fine arts of music, dance and drama including *Katha Kalashapam* and films for promoting the cultural unity of the country. Srimathi Rukmani Devi, M.P., has been appointed by the State Government as the first Chairman of the Sangam. Sri S. Venkateswaran, I.C.S., and Sri E. Krishna Iyer have been elected Vice-Chairman and Hony. Secretary respectively of the Sangam. Sri Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister, Sri C. Subramaniam, Finance Minister, Chief Justice P.V. Rajamannar and Sri M. A. Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad also participated in the inaugural function.

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727—Tila, Kacherighat, AGRA

It belongs. Or else a rose wouldn't be as sweet by any other name. The title of the film *Tongawali* shouldn't suggest an action or stunt thriller: it shouldn't be classed with *Hunterwali*, *Chabukwali*, *Cyclewali* and such other titles which belonged to stunt thriller films of the thirties. *Tongawali* sounds suspiciously like any one of them, but stands neither for a daredevil character nor for a stunt film. The trouble arises when another name is sought for the film, and therefore for the central character who performs an essential duty by plying the vehicle known as the tonga. Is there a better name for her? Can she be known as anything but a tongawali? The producers of the film have given up trying, but maybe the readers of this journal will help the producers select a better name for the woman who plies a tonga, and thus also for the film.

Tongawali is a social melodrama, dealing with the trials and tribulations of the woman who is left without anchor and has to ply a difficult trade in the face of stiff competition, even antagonism. The role of the *Tongawali* is played by Nirupa Roy. Others in the cast are Balraj Sahni, Shammi Kapoor, Jayant and Gope. The picture is directed by Lekraj Bhakri and photography by wizard Ranjodh. The story was written by Pt. Kukhrum Sharma, successful author of *Awlad*, *Adhikar* and *Vachan*, all of which were box-office hits.

Guntur Cine-Goers Lathi-Charged!

Police made a lathi charge on a crowd of cine-goers at Guntur town, in Andhra, recently, as a

result of which several persons, including women and children, are reported to have been injured, some seriously. The picture on show in the local theatre was the Telugu social hit *Rojulu Marayi*, produced by Sarathi Films, which had its hundredth day exhibition on that day. Villagers from far and near thronged before the gates of the theatre to see the film and also the actors and actresses, who were scheduled to appear on the stage in person. Traffic came to a standstill and there was confusion. The police intervened and resorted to lathi-charge to disperse the "unruly" mob.

A Deadline Ahead For "26th January"

Since the title of the film has itself set the date for release of the film — the date most appropriate — Saigal Productions Ltd.'s *26th January* is being speedily readied so that the deadline can be met. Its beginning having been made early last month at the residence of music director C. Ramchandra, with the rehearsal of two songs, the film has progressed sufficiently to justify the expectation of the producer-director that it will be completed before the deadline and be released on 26th January next. By now four songs of the film have been recorded by music director C. Ramchandra, the first three sung by Lata Mangeshkar and the third, a "Keertan" sung by a chorus of ten males and ten females, led by Manna Dey and Asha Bhoale. The tunes of all the four songs are quite out of this world, and the musical draw of the film is now almost a certainty. Having commenced shooting on 12th July at the Modern Studios, Andheri, director Ramesh Saigal

has put in ten days' work on the sets already. With a busy programme ahead on this month, he hopes to have almost half of the film ready by the end of this month. A political musical phantasy, *26th January* stars Nalini Jaywant, Ajit, Nishi, Sapru, B.M. Vyas, Raj Mehra, Leela Misra and Johnny Walker. Its story is by Ramesh Saigal himself. The dialogue has been penned by Qamar Jalalabadi. The camerawork is by Dronacharya. Popular song-writer Rajendra Krishna has written the lyrics.

First Indian Talkie May Be Shot Again!

If producer Ratilal Vora succeeds in his attempts to persuade Ardesheer Irani who produced the first Indian talkie,

Alam Ara, then its *mukurt* will be performed on Independence Day. The negative of this film, first produced in 1931, has been lost! In the cast of the old picture were Zubeida, Master Vithal, Jilloobai, Prithviraj Kapoor, Motibai and W. M. Khan.

Bombay Releases

Minerva Movietone's *Kundan* was premiered at Roxy. This is an adaptation of "Les Miserables", the well known Victor Hugo classic. Sohrab Modi, Nimmi and Ulhas play the roles corresponding to Jean Valjean, Fantine and Cossette, and Inspector Javert in the immortal novel.

Carnival Queen was released at the Cipitol, Lamington and other theatres in the City. It is a Jewel

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Pictures' thriller and has in its cast Nadia, John Cawas, Habib, Sheikh, Sardar and others. Adil Murzban wrote the story and Noshir Engineer produced and directed the picture.

Cine Movies' *Teen Sardar* was released at New Roshan and other theatres. Produced by Dosani and Desai and jointly directed by Dosani and Sadar Joshi, the film tells the story of a cruel minister who, in collaboration with the queen, harasses the people, of Kamal, a young man, Maya, the queen's younger sister and Meera, a poor girl, who all combine (these are the *Teen* (Three) *Sardars*) to kill the minister and restore law and order. Mahipal, Ranjana, Mangala, Lalita Kumari, Habib, Kesari and others are in the cast.

House No. 44, Dev Anand's own production, was released at Krishna and other theatres in the City. The film tells the story of the emotional conflicts of a destitute youth who, bereft of house, education and employment, is exposed to all the evils of present-day society and his being lured into them in the absence of proper social security and how a girl ultimately changes his entire outlook. Directed by M. K. Barman, the picture has in its cast Dev Anand, Kalpana Kartik, K. N. Singh, Shivraj and others.

Waman Avtar was premiered at the Central and other theatres. This spectacular mythological of Bombay Film Productions tells the story of the fifth incarnation of Lord Vishnu. Produced by Raman B. Desai and Bhogilal C. Patel, the film has in its cast Nirupa Roy, Trilok Kapoor, Sapru, Bipin Gupta and others. Direction is by Raman B. Desai.

Amanat, Bimal Roy Productions' latest, was released at the Opera House, Palace, Citylight and other theatres. Bharat Bhushan, Chand Usmani, Nazir Hussein, Asha Mathur and others are in the cast. Arvind Sen directed the film, the music for which is by Salil Chowdhury.

Nirupa Roy and Manohar Desai are in the lead roles in Hemlata Pictures' *Sati Madalasa* released at Majestic and other theatres. This mythological was directed by Jayant Desai.

Old Bengali Picture To Be Produced In Tamil

Muthamizh Pictures, of which M.K. Thyagaraja Bagavathar is a partner, will be producing in

Tamil the old Bengali picture *Bhaggyachakra*. The Tamil film will be titled as *Kalachakram* and will be shot at Revatbi Studio. Besides M.K.T. Bagavathar, the picture will have N.S. Krishnan and T.A. Mathuram also in the cast. Direction will be by Srinivasaraghavan.

Burmah-Shell Club Stages "Rajakavi"

Members of the Burmah-Shell Club put on boards a stage-play, *Raja Kavi*, in Tamil during the first week-end of this month at Annamalai Manram in the City. Sri S. Parthasarathy Ayyangar, Commissioner of Police, Madras City, presided. *Raja Kavi*, written by Vidwan V. Lakshmanan, based



SNAPPING the semi-sleeping siren Sheila Ramani is Motilal in a sequence in V.K. Pictures' *Guru Chantal*. Usha Kiron, Agha, Mirza Musharaff, Paro and Vijayabala are the other stars in the film.

The stage-play was directed by P. C. Gurunathan, who has the distinction of having directed the

The panel of judges constituted for the purpose awarded the cup for the best acting to T.N. Venkataraman who played the role of Arul Nandi. Rajeswari as Sashikala and Sakunthala as Nalini appeared to be perfectly tailored for their roles.



MUSIC and moonlight here evidently indicate romance and rhapsody for Usha Kiron who seems to be expressing her feelings to the flower held in her hand. Vivacious Vijayabala too seems to be infected with the spirit in the garden from the way she is all smiles here in this scene in V.K. Pictures' *Guru Ghantal*, being directed by S.M. Yusuf.

orders him to hand over the amount. A fight ensues between the two when Ratan discovers that Amar, the Munimji, is none other than Raj whom Roopa loves and whose mother Malti he has shut up in the cave because she has discovered that he is "Kala Ghoda," the dacoit and killer. Though beaten, Ratan is clever enough to tell the police that the Munimji is the real "Kala Ghoda" and that he has caught him just then! Amar is forced to keep silent for that is the price demanded by Ratan for saving Malti from death by starvation inside the cave. Amar is arrested and the marriage of Roopa with Ratan is fixed.

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On the night of the wedding day, Malti is rescued just in time by the old family doctor who is Amar's confidant and she runs to Captain Suresh's house and exposes Ratan as the real "Kala Ghoda." At the point of a blazing revolver, he disperses the visitors and police, drags Roopa along with him and everything seems to have been lost but Malti again comes to render poetic justice. She shoots down Ratan, her own son, and herself dies of shock. Amar, who has been released, is just in time to hear her last words regarding his relationship to her. Roopa and Raj (i.e., Amar till now) are happily married.

Story is credited to one Ranjan. Scenario and direction is by Subodh Kumar. Except for the fact that he has included a few scenes which could well have been left out, the director has done a good job on the whole. Photography and sound are pleasing. Dev Anand does a really fine job playing the dual roles of Amar the Munimji and Raj the adventurous, handsome youth.

Nalini Jaywant as Roopa has given a pleasing performance. Especially, those scenes where she is frightened by the tiger in the jungle will be remembered long for her tremendous acting abilities.

Pran as the villain Ratan-cum-"Kala Ghoda" does not give the

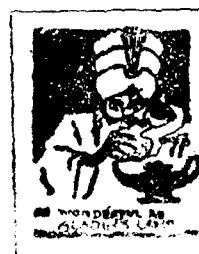
kind of performance that is expected of a villain in a story except towards the latter half. This is a defect of the screenplay and directorial overlooking.

Nirupa Roy as Malti, the mother of Ratan and Amar, has done remarkably well, especially towards the end of the picture.

The inclusion of the tiger and python fight in which the tiger is killed is quite thrilling, indeed.

Munimji has clicked because of the story, the very fine acting of Dev Anand and Nalini Jaywant and some nice songs. It is an excellent entertainment, undoubtedly.

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Gule Bakavali—Picture Packed With Mass Appeal

R.R. Pictures' *Gule Bakavali* in Tamil, released at Sri Krishna, Gaiety, Rajakumari and Uma theatres in the City and at the theatres in all the centres in Tamilnad, has been produced with the sole purpose of making it a box-office hit for which the producers had necessarily to include the very many ingredients like sword-fight, tiger fight, comic interludes, catchy songs, etc.

Three decades ago, *Gule Bakavali* was a popular stage hit. This crowd-drawing stage story was given a new treatment for screen purposes. Tanjore Ramiah Doss has written the dialogue and the songs.

Gule Bakavali is based on an "Arabian Nights" story.

Dasan Mulk (M.G. Ramachandran) is the son of the first wife of Zainath Mulk, a king. The latter's second wife and her three sons succeed in keeping in exile the first wife and her son. Zainath Mulk happens to go a-hunting into the forests where he, during an encounter with a cheetah, falls on the ground which is full of poisonous plants and which cause blindness to both his eyes.

The court physician declares that the king's blindness can be cured only by a flower called Guleb which is available in the kingdom of Nakavali ruled by a terrible amazon called Bakavali.

Dasan Mulk, who is accused by his three cousins of causing the king's blindness promises to get the Guleb flower.

He sets out for that and during his wanderings meets Lukpeshwa

(T. R. Rajakumari) who, helped by Sokku (K.A. Thangavelu), has kept as her slaves many princes who have lost their freedom in a game of dice with her. He and his friends Ghulam (Chandra Babu) and Gulzar (E. V. Saroja) succeed in learning the secret of the dice play and Dasan Mulk defeats Lukpeshwa and marries her. He learns her sisters are Mahmuda (Raja Sulochana) and Bakavali (G. Varalakshmi).

He meets Mahmuda in the company of a dacoit gang, almost loses his life and finally escapes with his friends, Lukpeshwa and Mahmuda.

He then enters the kingdom of Bakavali and learns he has to vanquish her best swordsman, defeat her in an intelligence test and wrestle with and kill her tiger before he can get the Guleb flower. He does all this, gets the flower and returns to his father's palace with Lukpeshwa, Mahmuda and Bakavali, all of whom he has married. The king's eyes are restored by administering the juice of the flower and Dasan and his mother are restored to royal favour.

The story which is basically limited in its scope had to be elaborated to run into 14,000 odd feet of film footage to ensure box-office appeal.

M. G. Ramachandran as Dasan Mulk has done well. He has been able to get a role in which he could show his courage in wrestling with a tiger—the first Tamil actor to do so on the Tamil screen.

T. R. Rajakumari as Lukpeshwa no doubt does well but one misses her usual high histrionics.

Raja Sulochana as Mahmuda has practically little scope in this picture. The make-up showing her as one of the mountain dacoit gang has spoilt her facial charm.

G. Varalakshmi as Bakavali is only average. She seems to have been meant more to adorn the film by the pull of her star name than by her acting.

K.A. Thangavelu as Sokku has not failed to fully exploit the role given to him and draws repeated laughs.

Chandra Babu and E.V. Saroja as Ghulam and Gulzar do very well on the comedy side.

E.R. Sahadevan and A. Karunanithi who are cast as the first and second of the three sons of the second wife of the King have very little scope to show their abilities.

K. Sairam's being cast as the eunuch in the employ of Lukpeshwa

is a thorough waste of good talents for he has practically little to do in the story.

S.D. Subbulakshmi, the one-time stage and screen favourite, acts as the mother of Dasan Mulk. She fails utterly in that role.

Sound recording is defective in several places. Photography is good.

Director Ramanna has evidently decided to handle the story for sheer popular entertainment and has to that extent succeeded. There are otherwise no directorial highlights or production values. He need not have made Chandra Babu eat croton leaves in plenty to stress his hunger for it is exaggeration that has trespassed into the ridiculous.

Gule Bakavali is a picture for the masses. The classes too can see it as an average entertainer.

The songs are pleasing, thanks to the play-back artistes who are no less than ten in number!

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Similarity Of Indian And U. S. Constitutions

STUDENTS of government in the United States who visit the Library of Congress observe with interest a certain two-volume printed document—a copy of the first draft of India's Constitution. The margins of this document are full of notes listing sources of the various articles. Many of these notes relate to the American Constitution, and a study of the articles themselves reveals the great similarity of outlook between the framers of India's Constitution and the men who founded the United States Constitution.

Significantly, the area of fundamental rights reserved to citizens received special consideration in both documents. The Declaration of Rights in the Indian Constitution is the most elaborate and comprehensive yet framed by any state. In the American Constitution, the liberties reserved to the individual citizen are safeguarded in the Bill of Rights. But by its Bill of Rights the United States became the first nation to insert such a declaration into the basic law of the land.

These constitutional provisions point clearly to the common belief among the people of both countries that every human being is endowed

with dignity and worth and inalienable rights. This belief, with its corollary—that to grow and flourish people must be free—has shaped the destiny of the United States since its inception, just as it is playing no less a part in the history of the Republic of India.

In some respects India and the United States follow divergent paths, particularly in the economic field. But the ultimate objective of both nations is the same: that of achieving a democratic secular state where the individual citizen is free to pursue his chosen way of life and to develop his God-given capabilities of mind and spirit.

INDIA and the United States are to-day the largest democracies in the world. Each nation won its independence after prolonged struggle. Each puts its democratic beliefs to the test of free elections. Each country speaks through its constitution and institutions the common language of freedom for its own people and through them to the rest of the world. Each has in its Constitution a common devotion to those vital principles which provide a solid base for mutual understanding and friendship between all free peoples. ❧

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I CONFESS

THIS day eight years ago was proclaimed India's Independence. The wind of the Spirit was sweeping the Nations and the word went forth: "Let India be free!"

I read the other day a fine little proverb. It said: "God writes straight with crooked lines." With instruments, some old, many broken, imperfect, outworn, God wrote on the Sea of Indian waters, "Let India be free!"

And many years ago, as I sailed upon the Indian Sea and looked at the infinite waters on every side, I said, "Is not the Sea a symbol of music and beauty, of harmony and creative life? Is not the Sea a symbol, too, of freedom?" And all these years and much longer have I nourished in my heart this hope supreme that India may be truly free!

This day I breathe out an aspiration that they who are called to govern and guide India may have the wisdom to be identified with the people of India and to so build their own lives in simplicity and service. One of the greatest of the world's seers said, "All that you do to the least of these little ones, ye do unto Me!" In being true to this ideal will our administrators help India on the path of progress?

Something, indeed, has been achieved already in these eight years and more: much more must needs be done in agriculture and industry, in education and social

welfare, in rural reconstruction and national revitalisation. For the question of questions is, "Are the people happy? Are the village folk happy? Are Indian homes moving in the direction of a new life of prosperity and joy? Are the Indian people building up that strength, that vitality, that *shakti* of the Spirit which may flow into India's cultural, economic and social life and make India again a nation of the truly strong, a nation of the truly great—great in simplicity and humility—and the strength to give the world what the Nations so piteously need to-day, a message of the Spirit?" Difficulties there are, but we must not be discouraged by them. Let us but do our best in small things and well we may look to God of the Nations to bring our efforts to fruition.

TRUE freedom is not merely something political; it is, also, social and cultural. It is not the lip-worship of a few cities to a political "creed" or "constitution." Freedom, true freedom, is essentially life not confined to a bourgeois or propertied class but that which is reflected in the lives of the people. And who are the people? Look at the village folk, look at the farmer, the labourer, the unsophisticated people of the land, look at the simple folk who love the soil and whose patriotism is not copied from maxims and counsels of those who in their lives reflect not the soul of their country but alien customs and creeds!

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Swaraj means "our own" way of life. Not to surrender this is to maintain our true "independence." The call of *swaraj* or "independence" is—avoid imitation, maintain your own being!

INDIA, as it seems to me, is to-day in danger of surrendering her own individuality to cults of imitation. Many of us are under the sway of American ideas of technocracy and machine-civilisation or of the Soviet "dialectical materialism." Many feel the fascination of Russia and China. In both Russia and China we see the fruits of discipline imposed by governments on the masses. India must be India first. India will not, I believe, walk the way indicated by Marx in the words: "All history is a history of class struggles."

It is true, other influences — those from England, France and Germany — have also travelled to this country. But can we escape our own inheritance? Under the influence of what is come to us as our heritage have been shaped qualities of character which make India, in spite of her many shortcomings, many faults, many limitations, a country rich in the humanising forces of life. If the American is a child of the machine, the true Indian is a child of humanist influences. So, from the beginning of her days, India has accepted, as congenial to her deeper consciousness, the ideal of kinship with life, all life. If the American, with his pursuit of what the machine gives him and makes him restless, is engaged upon plans and programmes of big organizations which ultimately lead to a

(Continued on page 103)

CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 39)

"From what?"

"Oh, from many things! For instance, before you came into my life, I used to feel very wretched and miserable at times and very often I used to drink and drink until my brain felt benumbed and I could keep myself from thinking of anything at all. But that was before I met you, darling. I'll never get drunk again now, I promise you. There's no need to drink hereafter."

ON another occasion she asked him, "Why don't you like going to the Church, Brian?"

"Because there's something terribly hypocritical about it all, dear," he answered quickly. "Don't you see? As Catholics, it is wrong for us to sit like this and kiss each other and yet, there are thousands of Catholic boys and girls who do so, and who go to Confession and receive Holy Communion afterwards. According to the Catholic Church they are guilty of sin and fit for hell, and yet they continue to do it. All they have to do is to go to Confession afterwards and everything is washed away! The fact is that it isn't a sin to sit like this and confess our love for each other, darling. We—you and I—know it isn't. Love is not sinful. Nor does kissing a girl you love or a man you love become a sin. But the Church says it is!"

"Yes, Brian, and that is because kissing leads to other things which are really sinful. It is an occasion for sin, isn't it?"

"Dancing, too, especially modern dancing, is an occasion for

sin, but the Church actually encourages it! Can you deny that? What about the number of dance-halls that are being opened in church compounds? Besides, darling, the perverts will always be perverts. Nothing can prevent that. Real love can never be sinful. Yet, the Church makes no exception. Everybody is condemned to hell by the Church."

WHEN she heard him speak in this strain, she felt very proud of him. He represented everything that was good and noble in man. As she ran her fingers through his hair sometimes or played with the lapel of his coat, as he spoke thus, she often wondered whether she was really worthy of his love.

"My Brian is a philosopher," she once said to him, her eyes lighting up with love.

"My Hilda is an Angel!" he replied. "A philosopher cannot love anything that is not perfection itself—and an Angel must be perfect, don't you think?"

"But I may not be as perfect as you imagine, Brian," she reminded him with some concern.

"Then I'm philosophical enough to accept your imperfections, dear," he reassured her.

"But, then, why do you call me an Angel?"

"Because you really are one, darling. You're as perfect an Angel as can possibly exist on this imperfect earth."

And he kissed her then, holding her tenderly and close to his heart.

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THERE were innumerable occa-
sions, too, when she poured her
heart out to him and told him how
much he meant to her.

"I sometimes wonder how I
managed to live from day to day
before I met you, Brian," she once
said. "Life was so dull and
lonely. I can hardly believe now
that it was true. I used to feel
that something important was
missing in my life. Now I know
what it was!"

"Didn't you ever think of any
boy or dream of love, darling?"
he asked her.

"Yes, I used to think of love,
but not of any particular boy.
And I really thought that it would
be years before I could fall in love.
I never dreamt that it would
happen so soon."

"And you love me, Angel?"

"Yes, I love you very, very
much, Brian, darling!"

Every meeting of theirs was a
new experience to both which
delighted and flattered. The
bonds of love were tightened more
and more, until that love became
a burning fire which could not be
quenched.

THEIR world of dreams, however,
was soon to come to an end.
Hilda went home one evening to
face an angry father. Mr. Jenkins
hardly gave her time to deposit
her books.

"Hilda! Come here!" he com-
manded, as he stood in the middle
of the hall, his hands on his hips
and his legs drawn apart.

(To Be Continued)



Bharat Sevak (Editor K. Vas-
wani. Price Re. 1).

The copy of the *Bharat Sevak*
received is the one for April-May
1955. It is the Nagpur Convention
Special Number. The *Bharat*
Sevak is the monthly organ of
Bharat Sevak Samaj. In this issue
are published articles by several
well-known personalities. The
entire Nagpur Convention proceed-
ings and celebrations are briefly
outlined, with plenty of photo-
graphs as well. Readers who wish
to get this issue or the issues of
the current and coming months
may please write to: The Manager,
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munication Buildings, Connaught
Circus, New Delhi.

Philosophy And Teachings
of Sri Swami Sivananda
(By Sri Swami Premananda.
Published by The Yoga Vedanta
Forest University, Ananda Kutir,
P.O. Sivananda Nagar, Rishikesh.
Price As. 4).

The author, one of the disciples
of H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda, has
gathered together in this booklet,
under fifteen different headings,
the Swamiji's sayings and ideas on
those subjects. Prof. K. R. R.
Sastry of the Allahabad Univer-

sity and Sri Janak Saith of New
Delhi have also offered their
tributes to the Swamiji in two
short articles included in this
booklet.

God-Realisation (By Sri Swami
Sivananda. Published by the
Yoga Vedanta Forest University,
Ananda Kutir, P. O. Sivananda
Nagar, Rishikesh. Price Rs. 2).

This book is a companion
volume to the book *Self-Realisa-
tion* which was reviewed in these
pages some months ago. Swami
Keshavananda has compiled from
the innumerable writings of His
Holiness Sri Swami Sivananda
Saraswathi the essence of His
Holiness' teachings on important
subjects like *Universal Prayer*,
Brahmacharya, *Conquest Of Fear*,
Yoga And Its Objects, etc., etc.
There are 48 subjects on which His
Holiness' views and sayings are
compiled. Filled as it is with
invaluable instructions and
admonitions, this book is sure to
serve as an ideal blue-print for liv-
ing the Divine Life here and now.

The Lifco Andhra S.S.L.C.
English Tutor (Price Rs. 3).

The Lifco S. S. L. C. English
Tutor which was reviewed in these

columns in the 1st August 1955 issue is intended solely for the benefit of the students appearing for the Madras S.S.L.C. Examination to be held in 1956. The book now under notice is in respect of the English Text-book (prose and poetry) prescribed for the Andhra S.S.L.C. candidates who will be appearing for the examination in 1956. In this guide, too, there are the same exhaustive explanations and thorough discussion of every important topic and all the other features to which we drew attention in respect of the book reviewed in the previous issue. Candidates of the 1956 Andhra S.S.L.C. Examination will have invested their three rupees wisely by buying this book.

The Lifco Golden Guide To Telugu Texts—General Study (Price Rs. 2/8/-).

The Lifco Golden Guide To Telugu Texts—Special Study (Price Re. 1/4/-).

Three experienced Telugu Pandits, Vidwans Y. Parasuramiah, S. Krishnamurthi and V. Sivaramiah, have given of their very best to make these two books the most useful tutors to the students appearing for the 1956 S.S.L.C. Examination. Elaborate but easily understandable summaries of the prose and poetry portions, easy meanings for all the difficult words, questions and answers, grammar, etc., etc., are the highlights of these two books. A thorough study of the Text-books with the help of these two guides is certain to ensure the candidates' passing the examination with distinction. These two books can be used by the students appearing

100

for either the Andhra or Madras S.S.L.C. Examination.

The English and Telugu Guides are available from the publishers, (The Little Flower Co., 8, Ranganathan Road, Madras-17) or from M/s Damodaram & Co., Appah Bldgs., Madras-1 or from M/s Venkatrama & Co., Vijayawada or their branches or M/s Higginbothams Ltd. Railway Stalls.

Bharatiya Samskriti (Edited and Published by M.J. Narasimha Murthy, Post Box No. 42, Bangalore-1. Price Re. 1/-).

Said Sarojini Naidu: "India shall again become the Mystic Temple of Humanity where the Pilgrim Nations of the Earth may sojourn as of yore to shape the Universal Invocation of that Ageless Peace which is the Divinest Power of Life's Attainment." With the object of serving humanity to that goal, the English Quarterly Journal *Bharatiya Samskriti* was started over a year ago. The copy received for notice is the issue for the Quarter April-May-June and it is also the Annual Number. An attractive tri-colour cover page in art paper and excellent articles on varied topics like culture, religion, music, etc., are of absorbing interest. "Dharma and the State," "The Gurukula System of Education," "Festivals—Japan," "Musings on Tiger Varadachariar," "Sri Gurguha — Devakriya or Suddha Saveri?" are a few of the many articles we are mentioning here to give the readers an idea of the varied fare the Journal offers. Subscription rate (Annual only) for this Journal is Rs. 2/4/-. Single copy in the Stalls is As. 8. Sample copy can be had by sending As. 10.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAIL SERVICE—(Continued from page 18)

The reduction of postage rates, serums and vaccines and other the franking privilege of diplomatic correspondence, understanding and agreement on the use of international air mail with the many ramifications attached thereto, are just a few of the many benefits worked out by this international body for the good of all citizens of most nations.

Even in times of war the Postal Union makes it possible for prisoners of war and civil internees, who are cut off from their country and their families, to renew contact with those dear to them. It also helps other human beings who are cut off from the world in which they live without being removed from their normal environment—the blind.

At its last Congress, in Brussels in 1952, the Postal Union accorded Braille books, which are heavy and bulky and hence expensive to send through the mails, complete exemption from postal charges. Similarly, efforts are now being made to get special priority for



The Rt. Hon. Malcolm John MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the U.K. in South-East Asia since 1948, who has been appointed High Commissioner for the U.K. in India. He will be taking up his new appointment at the beginning of September. This photograph of Mr. MacDonald and his wife was taken in London prior to their departure for Delhi.

2nd Thoughts

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ACROSS

1. As already stated, the "often" in the Clue makes me prefer LIFE only.
3. Previous choice of CALM is confirmed.
4. To Sloop to conquer is part of diplomacy! For us to cease respecting a man, he must do something ungentlemanly. So SNOOP scores.
5. I feel that to imitate a person's lipping will not be so bad as to imitate a person's limping. Hence, back LIMP.
10. Something more than mere gasping will be the reaction if batsman is Neatly caught. Vote, therefore, for NEARLY.
13. Previous choice of MORE holds good.
15. SHAVE is, indeed, a very good bet.
16. For grocer being merely a "bit" Deaf, a little costly, customer will not shout. He will do so only if the grocer is quite costly. But when grocer is a "bit" Deaf, slightly hard of hearing, the customer may shout to let the grocer hear him aright. Go in for DEAF.

DOWN

2. Previous choice of DONKEY is confirmed.
6. It is not easy for friend to claim that we MISLED him. He can try to fool us by saying that we MISLED him regarding the time and place of meeting. Back MISLED.
7. The word HERO alone can be apt in view of the "dares a lot" in the Clue.
8. The Barker, shop tout, will be given to something more than mere "chattering."

He will be persuasive. It is the B. who is given to sheer chattering alone. on BARBER.

9. It is advisable to permute MILK and SILK here.

11. DISMAL is still the better choice.

12. One doesn't "handle" a Kite "flies" it. Hence, back MITE.

14. Why should we associate Odd & grand-mother's story? OLD is apt in respects. — "Spotter"



PATIENT: "But, doctor, I asked to remove only the left molar to..."

SQUAREWORD D-47

As the Advance Pull of Squareword D-47 not received till the moment of our going to Press, comment it could not be published in this Issue. Full comments Squareword D-47 will be published in the 1st September, 55 Issue. — "Spotter"

I CONFESS:....

(Continued from page 96)

nervous breakdown of civilization, the soul of India has worshipped the Spirit and bowed in reverence to Life.

WHO is my neighbour?" To this question the soul of India gives a rich meaning,—the meaning of "harmlessness," *ahimsa*. "Hurt no creature!" should be, indeed, the message of the heart of a Free India to all the Nations. Instead, what do we find? We find that "Independent" India is renouncing the path of sympathy and kindness to creatures and permitting "traffic in monkeys!" Protests, it is true, continue to come from many parts of the country against this cruelty and animal slaughter, but who listens? I believe that the deepest impulses and aspirations of the Indian heart are still in tune with the teaching of the *Rishis* of the Upanishads: "May we never hurt one another! May peace and peace and peace be everywhere!" Some of the great thinkers and great social leaders in our own days have, I am happy, said, as Marx said, "I and my brother are one!" But India's privilege has been to voice through the countries the truth, "I and every creature, every life-form, are one!"

The other day, I received a letter from an English humanitarian. It made me hang low my head when I read the following words: "To us it seems strange and even unworthy that the country (India) which has, for so long, stood in the forefront of humanitarian teaching (the teaching of *ahimsa*) should permit this ungodly traffic (export of monkeys) to continue. We accept the truth that these pitiful

creatures are with us—fellow-members of one great family under the Fatherhood of God, and that they have as much right as we to enjoy their life freely and fully in accordance with the Divine Plan." This English friend rightly urges, "We can find no moral justification for any form of cruelty, specially towards these creatures to whom we, as elder brothers, should stand as guardians." "This extensive trafficking in monkeys," he continues, "is causing widespread and bitter comment in many parts of the Western world and we beg of you, for the sake of the fair name of India, to have it stopped immediately and permanently."

YES, this trafficking in monkeys and the slaughter of animals in this country, which I sometimes have referred to as the *punya-bhumi* (the Holy Land) of both East and West — are they not both an impeachment of the fair name of Free India? But the tragedy of India is that we, her children, understand her not. Not yet, not yet! And failing to understand her, her ideals and her traditions, nobler, I believe, than even the traditions of Greece and Egypt,



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we have not learnt to truly love her. Not yet, not yet!

EVEN as I think of August 15, the day of India's Independence, is it possible to forget Mahatma Gandhi? On the day voices from the East and voices from the West acclaimed India's Independence, the great Liberator, Gandhiji, was himself a lonely figure, moving from village to village in Noakhali, asking those who could hear him not to forget Rama and Allah—the One God of the Nations.

How many of us think to-day of the "One God of the Nations"? To-day, Gandhiji's non-violent resistance is emphasised, but his affirmation of the spiritual vision of India's *Rishis* is forgotten. To-day, political authoritarianism is in the air; to-day, Gandhiji's spiritual humanism is disregarded. To-day, so many who are in Freedom's Camp are silent regarding Gandhiji's teaching: "Ye are of the Spirit; conquer the animal within you!"

Gandhiji's watch-word, "*ahimsa*", is on our lips, but we conveniently forget what he said: "*Ahimsa* is love for *all* creatures and embraces not only humanity but all sub-human life." Alas! Animal slaughter continues in the country. To-day, we ask for a "higher standard of living" but forget that the "higher standard" should be a "nobler standard", not a surrender to appetites and animalism, — a surrender to a cult of comfort and pleasure.

Gandhiji taught that the cure for over-population should be

approached from a moral standpoint. To-day, they who are in seats of authority advocate and encourage and support artificial birth-control. Gandhiji repudiated it as Western materialism and pleaded that the dignity of man and the true greatness of India asked for nothing short of self-control. We preach birth-control. Gandhiji preached self-control. "All of us men," he said, "must hang our heads in shame so long as there is a single woman whom we dedicate to our lust!"

I CONFESS that the memory of Gandhiji makes me sometimes feel guilty. Celebrate August 15 with gratitude to God and salutations to the People. Say to them: "Our fetters are fallen; build we not the true freedom of the free; build we our homes and state in simple city, not in imitation, and let our lives be a witness to Gandhiji and to the great *Rishis* and Revealers of India's Ideals and India's Wisdom through the ages!"

Just A Little

A big business man told a reporter of his early struggles in the stock market and how he had lost his last penny in an oil well that did not produce any oil.

"But was I discouraged or downhearted?" asked the magnate.

The reporter mildly observed that in a similar situation, he would have been decidedly depressed.

"Well, I wasn't," said the financial genius. "I just gritted my teeth and borrowed fifty thousand dollars from my brother."